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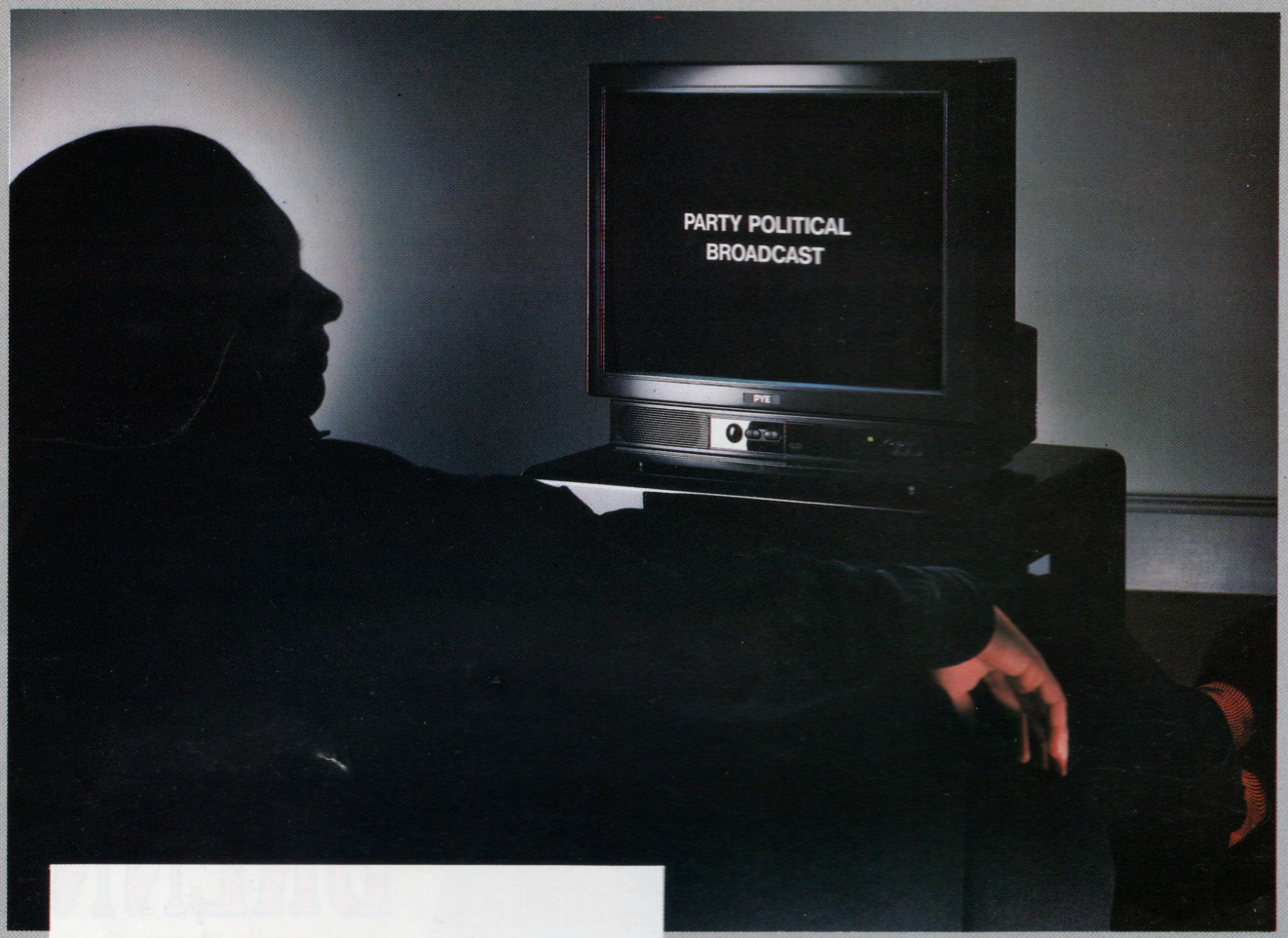

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			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
Mata Hari:	Pioneer of sexpionage	*Gerald Rawling*	48
GIRLS			
Karen Brennan:	Hot tip for Page 3 title	*Peter Flodquist*	9
Tina:	Chester chick	*Allan Sass*	25
Frances:	Architectural curves	*John Patrick Burgess*	41
Natalie Banus:	Starbird supreme	*Ulf Stjernbo*	51
Kirsten:	Game Highlander	*Donald Milne*	67
Diana:	Antipodean angel		80
Amy:	Cleared to take off	*Ulf Stjernbo*	92
Toni:	Bat-fan bared	*Larry Caye*	106
HUMOUR			
Gentlemen That Reminds Me:	After-dinner anecdotes		65
The Flat Mating Game:	House hunting hilarity	*Anthony*	75
Blanket Battleground:	Undercover warfare	*Jules Archer*	89
INFORMERS			
Scene:	News and Views		18
Motoring:	The A,B and C of the MG	*William Boddy*	32
Quest:	Sexual envy		97
FICTION			
The Two-way Mirror:	Motel rooms with a view	*Chris Merrill*	22
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Lingerie Collection** page 63/**1990 Calendar and Diary Offer** page 86/**Girls of Summer** page 87/**Mayfair Jacket Offer** page 90/**Binders Offer** page 104		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 6/ **Back Numbers** page 40/ **Book Society** page 64/ **Photo Service** page 79/ **Subscription Offer** page 88/ **Quest Back Numbers Offer** page 103		

9
It's a farewell to Bournemouth as Southcoast siren, Karen Brennan, moves to the big city. What better way to welcome her to London than our capital spread?

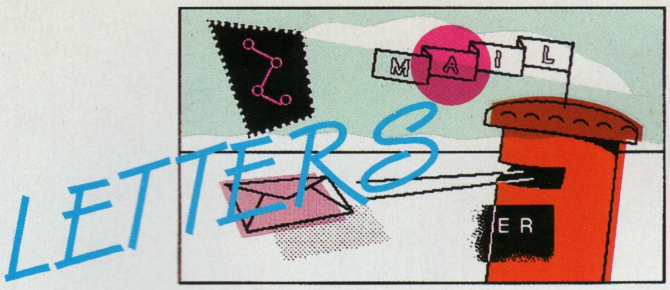
48
The story of Mata Hari is half fact and half myth. But could the comely courtesan, turned spy, tell the truth herself?

32
The MGA — it went from loathed upstart to being one of the most popular sports cars ever

CENTRE GIRL

Glamour gurus all agree — there is something new and exciting about Natalie Banus. She's still got her youthful 40-22-34 curves, but now she has a blossoming new allure. But don't take our word for it. Turn to the centre pages and make your own minds up **51**

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah Buck** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N.



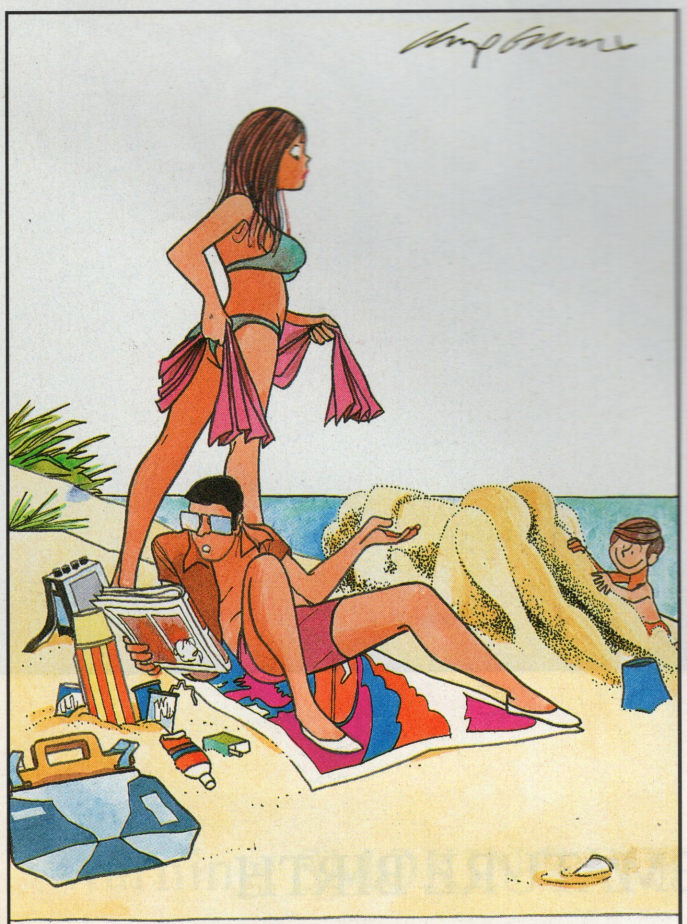
We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Quick off the mark

The early worm catches the bird, and it's certainly true in *Mayfair's* case. I had to chuckle when reading a recent issue of the satirical magazine *Private Eye*.
In it, the magazine described how the editor of *Tatler* magazine, Emma Soames, was in fits of indecisiveness as to whether she should run a nude set of pictures of Pamella Bordes which they had cleverly tracked down (like *Mayfair*, I should add). While they were humming and harring, *Mayfair* beat them to it, and happily published the pictures. Well done, fortune favours the brave, and shows why *Mayfair* is the top magazine of its kind.
LO, Dundee

Keeping-abreast

With *Titbits* and the sale of *Weekend* in the news I wonder if you realised that a sister paper, the now sadly defunct magazine *Reveille*, was one of the first to break the 'nipple barrier.'
Some of your readers may have seen a children's TV programme called *Windfalls*. This contained stop-frame animation of characters made from real flowers, leaves and seeds. It was written and produced by a lady called Jenny Kenna — and this lady was the first model to break the 'nipple barrier' in *Reveille*.
Although the magazine often featured bare-breasted girls, they were either shot from behind, so all you could see was the smooth planes of their bare-backs, or they had their arms strategically folded over their boobs to protect their modesty.
In 1974, *Reveille* printed a shot of a lovely 19-year-old blonde called Marilyn Journet climbing into a sack. She was topless and, what's more, her pretty nipples were displayed for all to see.
Two years went by, then in mid-1976, there was the gorgeous Erica Greer posing in a pair of brief panties, and waistcoat unbuttoned to reveal her boobs, nipples, and all. This heralded an era in which Reveille regularly featured fully bare-breasted girls, right up until the last issue was published on August 23, 1979.
But way back in an edition of *Reveille* in 1971, there was the beautiful Ms Kenna. The caption said she was a very talented sculptress and painter who was currently involved in 'writing a book of instruction on stripping for the housewife.' She was pictured in shorts, and like Erica, she wore a waistcoat unbuttoned to the navel. But this was not the normal modest cleavage shot, for there, in full view was a beautifully formed left nipple — a most startling sight for *Reveille* in those days.
I fully support those readers asking you to feature past *Mayfair* models now they have reached maturity. Indeed, I, and all true connoisseurs of the female form, welcome any return to the style of glamour in the past — especially more full-length shots and bare feet. I'm sure that an old photo-set of Jenny Kenna would fit into this concept nicely — and would certainly be one in the eye for your competitors.
JW, Brightlingsea



'Leave the boy alone, darling. Why try to make him build sandcastles if he doesn't want to build sandcastles . . . '

Lasting impression

Every so often you see a girl in a magazine who makes a profound impression on you by possessing that extra dimension of eroticism, sensuality and intimacy which is quite unique. One such girl in your magazine made such an impression on me that I can still remember poses and parts of the script with amazing clarity although it is at least 10 years since I saw it.
I remember how she loved the feel of PVC against her skin, and there were shots of her in several garments of that material. One in particular was a black, shiny basque, fastened down her front by a criss-cross pattern of black cord which she particularly liked because it pushed up her boobs making them appear larger than they really were. An opening at the back of the basque gave an extremely erotic exposure of her gloriously shaped buttocks. Her favourite garment for making love though was simply a pair of black fish-net stockings, and the centre spread gave us a thrilling glimpse of her adorned in nothing but these.
Alas, the copy belonged to my father who must have destroyed it after my mother caught me reading it at the age of eight or nine. And there's the rub. I cannot supply you with the issue number or even her name. But please, please help me if you keep records of past issues. I am 20 now so the issue must have been between 1975 and 1978, and she was Girl of the Month. Perhaps a reader recognises the description I have given, and knows the issue. I would pay handsomely to see those pages again, and revive some images which must have inspired my first feelings of adolescence, and remain with me even now.
MS, Great Bookham

You have very accurate and vivid recall, Mr S. We could at once identify Adele Bowman who appeared in Vol 14, No 4.

Fruity passion

Is there anything in life to compare with a beautiful girl, and a passionate holiday romance. I'm just back from a carefree, idyllic fortnight in the Algarve.
Supposedly a golfing trip, everything took second place to a gorgeous Scottish girl called Amy. You know how you imagine erotic encounters when you gaze at calendars, well Amy was such a vision personified. So sweet, and yet just pure sexy.
We met at a barbecue arranged by the sister hotel. It was very late when we wandered back to our own. Though people were still coming in the foyer, we managed to find peace and quiet outside at the back of the swimming pool. We must have been there for close to an hour, chatting, kissing, and gazing into each other's eyes — you know the kind of thing. Suddenly, Amy broke away, and did a series of twirls, laughing and smiling, and declaring her happiness.
'How do you fancy..' she grinned, and stole an impish glance round, and up at the silent hotel. 'How do you fancy some fun.' As she said it a second time, Amy gathered her dress, and hoisted it over her head. For a moment it caught in her hair, and as she struggled loose, almost losing

turn to page 8

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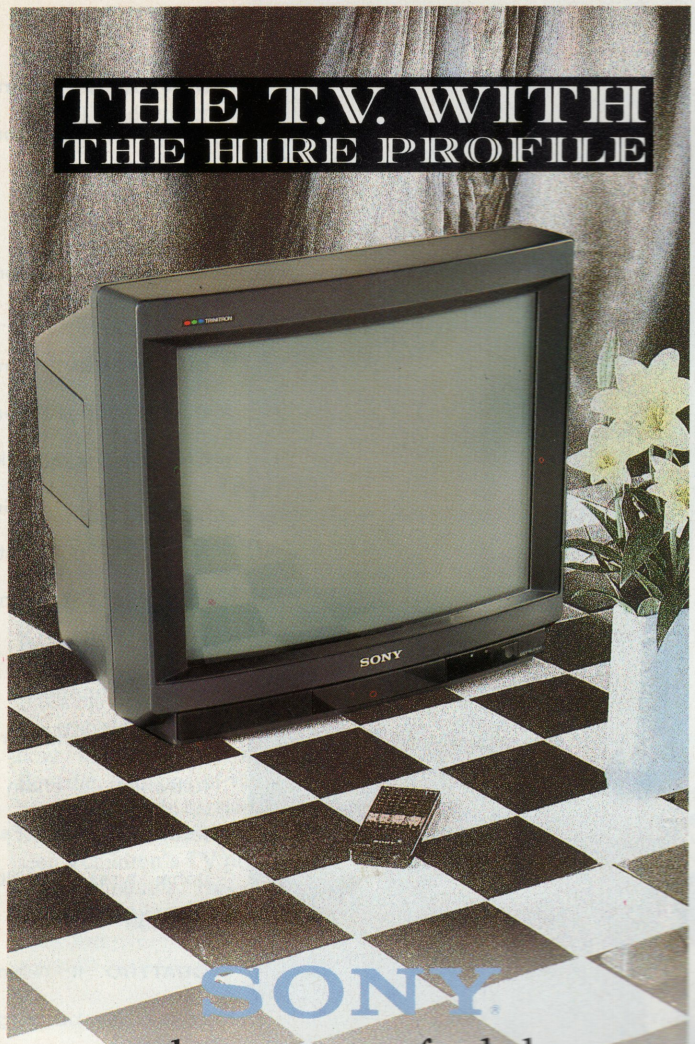

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LETTERS

continued from page 6

balance, I gasped at her figure. Pale in the warm night air, Amy's large breasts swayed and trembled, her proud stubby nipples jutting upwards. A trim waist curved down to her slender hips, and long tapering legs.

Amy turned and bent forward easing her french knickers over her fine buttocks. 'C'mon.' she laughed, wiggling her bare butt in my direction. 'I've always fancied doing this.' Then she stepped forward, and dived into the pool. It was a wonderful decadent frolic completed by our making love in the rippling shallows.

Next morning I was late on the tee, ribbed mercilessly, then took the money off my opponents, inspite of my lack of sleep.

Amy sunbathed and relaxed, and later offered to caddy for me, which became even more of a talking point. Dressed in white trainers and ankle socks, and an extremely short white pleated skirt, and loose blue top, Amy attended the flag as we putted. She added real incentive to holing putts as she'd pick the ball out of the hole each time. I can see her now, bending forward, her breasts swaying into view as her top billowed open. The hem of her skirt riding up over her taut cheeks which revealed flashes of her white panties.

We loved to dance, and would disco most evenings. Amy arrived at my room around 7.30 one night all ready to go out. I'd dozed off, so while she bopped away on the balcony, I dived into the shower. When I came out, Amy was really into a routine. She seemed in a really raunchy mood, so I just sat back enthralled.

All of a sudden, she was unzipping her miniskirt. A helping hand over her hips, and the skirt was around her feet, being kicked in my direction. I whistled in appreciation. Amy merely pouted, and deftly started unbuttoning her blouse. A few moments later, Amy shrugged it off, and stepped out onto the balcony. Just in a black bra and G-string, she danced away outside, and then strutted back into the bedroom, grabbed a wood from my golfbag, and squashed the shaft between her breasts. Then grasping oranges from the fruit basket, Amy tore them open, and squeezed and massaged them all over her body, until her skin glistened with their juices.

Dying to join in the action, I pulled her towards a table, and holding her outstretched legs in my arms, pushed into her. That was a glorious moment, and an utterly complete union, as Amy devoured me in a mad frenzy.

We moved as one, Amy bouncing all over the table, until wrapping her legs around my back, she levered herself up, and grabbed my shoulders as I walked around the room. Pinned against the wall, there was no mistaking Amy's orgasm when it hit her. She went absolutely wild, biting into my shoulder, and clawing my back. We virtually collapsed onto the tiled floor, and Amy clambered astride me, and continued a frantic rhythm.

That evening, we never got beyond the bedroom, though it was far from a quiet evening in. When darkness fell, Amy got me out onto the balcony, and let me take her from behind.

It was a tremendous fortnight. Since our return we have been planning a long weekend together, though the relationship is very awkward to sustain. I get home of a hot and sticky evening to listen to steamy five minute messages on the answerphone from Amy as she spells out her fantasies. Realistically we've told each other not to expect too much. We don't want to wreck our memories.

LF, Blackheath

Sore point

Over the last 20 years, I have heard from various people about initiation ceremonies which take place in offices, factories, and farms. They mostly occur when a young male starts a new job where there are a large number of women workers. Some of them sound rather painful, and I should imagine rather embarrassing for the poor chap involved.

I was told on one occasion of a young chap being grabbed by a bunch of his female workmates, and being laid flat on a bench. He then had his pants removed, and one of the women would be elected to bring him to erection. Then depending on what was available, his madhood would be smothered in some sticky substance like paint or glue.

If you think that sounds painful, what about this story. A young lad got a job on a farm where there were a lot of women workers.

In his first week, the women grabbed him, and dragged the poor lad into a barn where they proceeded to tie him up. With his trousers and pants removed, he was brought to erection, and his penis was whipped with a bridle strap until it was sore. Then some strong ointment which was used on horses was rubbed onto his

turn to page 114

Firmly your favourite
KAREN BRENNAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

The first of our dynamic duo of pin-up princesses this month is Bournemouth belle Karen Brennan. Twenty-year-old Karen has been a Page Three regular, and is widely tipped to gain this year's Page Three girl of the year title, taking over from Maria Whittaker as the nation's number one glamour girl. It would be a fitting end to a great year.

Since her last appearance in *Mayfair*, in Vol 25 No 7, curvaceous 36-24-36 inch Karen has started taking elocution lessons to make her vowels as well rounded as the rest of her. The cultured cutie, with seven 'O' levels and a diploma in business studies, has turned to poetry to help her polish her pronunciation.

Mayfair, in
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Her modelling career has now taken the former Miss Wet Tee-shirt contest winner all around the world, including the Canaries, Mexico and a Miss Tropical Hawaiian beauty contest in Miami, Florida. It's all a far cry from Karen's early career selling insurance. Now it's a policy decision of all glamour fans to regard the fully uncovered filly at a premium. Her future success is assured.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

The Bordes story

Since our exclusive nude photographs of Pamella Bordes last month we have been swamped with thousands of letters from readers (and other interested parties) as to how we came by them. Normally of course we wouldn't give the game away — but on this occasion, the story is such an interesting one, it's almost as entertaining as the lady herself. Everyone in publishing realised that Pamella represented the most sensual lady of 1989. A lot of magazines in the country were seeking shots of her (including *Tatler* as *Private Eye* revealed when they recognised our coup). For many months we had been using our host of international contacts to pursue photographers, magazines and picture agencies all over the world but to no avail. Then, we finally spotted a small picture of Ms Bordes bare in one of the European tabloid-style news magazines that usually specialise in scandal stories about our Royal Family. Next to it was another picture, a black and white print of Pamella fully clothed. The pictures were jointly credited *Associated Newspapers, SIPA*, who are a French agency.

We contacted the French agency to try and find the source of the more interesting view of Pamella's pubes. They couldn't help. Then a London picture agent mentioned that the *Daily Mail* had drawn up an exclusive interview deal with the politician's raunchy researcher. Suddenly pieces began to slot into place. The *Daily Mail* is published by *Associated Newspapers*, perhaps, just perhaps they had the rights to the nude pictures as well. It seemed unlikely (I mean what would Lynda Lee Potter say?), but after several months trying, was worth a call.

'Oh yes,' came the casual reply, 'the nude pictures were part of our deal but of course we couldn't print them in the *Mail*.'

After searching the world, Pamella Bordes' only nude pictures were sitting, almost ignored, less than a mile from the *Mayfair* offices. One of the staff picked them up on the way to lunch. Now we are coping with the mountains of letters pouring in thanking us for our efforts. The editor's only complaint — if we'd known where they were all along, we could have saved a hell of a lot of international phone calls.

Train for trivia

If that group of people who thrive on the sort of useless information popularised by games like *Trivial Pursuit* are sending you off the rails, here's a new mob guaranteed to drive you plum loco. Railway trivia fans. Yes, it's every train spotter's dream. Just arrived is a whole book of questions about locomotives, rolling stock and stations bound to give any school-boy sleeper-less nights. What is the sole member of British Rail's electric class 87/1 called? What name is given to the track-mounted tread plates that monitor vehicle presence? Who makes the door window fittings for BR Mark 2 coaches? Before you flood us with replies the answers are Stephenson, fouling bars and Beclawatt Ltd. *Railway Trivia* compiled and published by Alan M Drewett (price £3.95) may not sound the most fascinating work to those who regard railways as purely a way of getting from A-to-B via Y (changing at P and Q due to engineering works at W) but as well as such technical teasers as the ones above there are some even we could answer like, what coffee does Traveller's Fare give us in its Max Pax cups? (Maxwell House), and which St Trinian's film featured a chase on a train? *(The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery)*. Mind you we were more interested in Sabrina in school uniform than the engines. As for the coffee, no comment.

Thirty grand for a Mini?

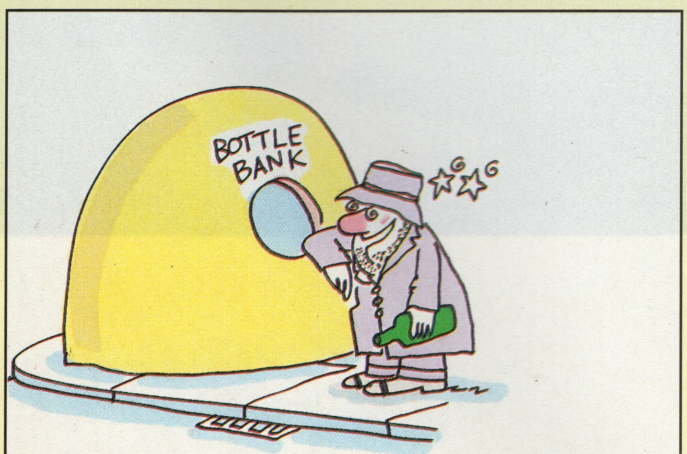
We've always been great fans of the Mini, especially since they decided to call their top of the range model the 'Mayfair' (like the magazine, the Ford Fiesta is much more downmarket!). And now as nostalgia lovers must have spotted, Britain's best known small car is 30 years old this year. To celebrate, one firm is building a limited edition model of the Mini, and charging no less than £30,000 for it! Admittedly it is somewhat different from the old Morris Mini Minor of the sixties with its string door handles, but everyone from rally winning Mini driver Paddy Hopkirk to the vicar's wife should just about recognise its basic shape. The British Automobile Company have taken the humble vehicle added spoilers, supercharged the Metro's 1300cc engine and replaced the interior with a mini mansion of leather, carpets and wood panelling (a bit like our new offices!). Just 30 BAC M-30s will be made complete with the latest in-car hi-fi systems, telephones, VD instrumentation and burr elm trim. How very different from the days when all you got was a steering wheel and a single speedo in the middle of a shelf! The thirty grand Mini has a top speed of 113 mph, making it even nippier than ever, and acceleration is so quick even the makers haven't had a chance to time it. Like so many national treasures we suspect that most will be sold abroad. But there's still time to get out your cheque book and buy a little bit of legend.

Lady and the vamp

Television presentation takes lots of different forms all over the world but few as sexy and sinister as *Movie Macabre*, America's syndicated late-night B-Movie show. These appalling horror films are introduced by Elvira, a slim but buxom bee-hived brunette — half-vamp and half-vampire. With a cleavage that makes the Grand Canyon look like a crevice, a range of figure-hugging, thigh flashing dresses, and a patter that rivals Mae West for entendre, she's become a cult success all over the States. Now, we're happy to say there's a chance to see her here too in her movie debut. *Elvira Mistress of the Dark*. A parody of exactly the sort of film she introduces, *Elvira* the movie, concerns her attempts to get hold of a 'cookbook' that contains recipes that have a habit of turning into potions and aphrodisiacs. To help her, she has the Macabre-mobile (a customised 1958 Ford T-bird with leopardskin seats, spider web grille and barbed wire number plate holders) and a pink punk poodle with a miniature Mohican called Gonk. Elvira herself will be coming to Britain to promote the film and even appearing on *Wogan*. However whether sitting next to our Tel will be raven-haired Elvira, or mild-mannered blonde comedienne Cassandra Peterson who plays her, we don't now. We just hope that she's on the sort of form she was on a recent Johnny Carson *Tonight* show. Asked what her favourite horror film was she replied.

'The Thing with Two Heads.'

Then added thoughtfully, 'Or was it *The Head with Two Things?*' Wogan you have been warned!



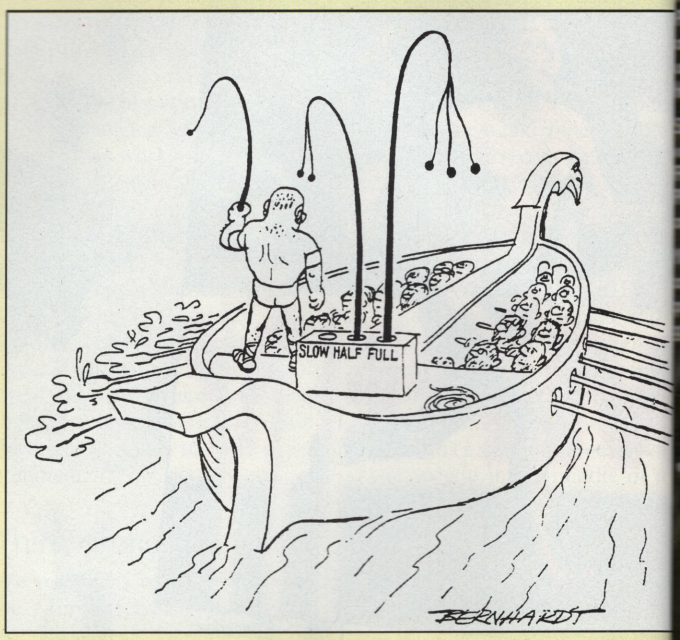
Good afternoon, I'd like to arrange an overdraft

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

coral is spikey, or smoothly unpleasant to the feet. The trick is to find a sandy trail between the pieces of lurking black, get your depth of water as quick as you can, and launch yourself like a ship, gliding to your natural depth where your feet do not touch the bottom. Fishermen, windsufers, dinghy sailors, scuba divers, and grand-yachtsmen will find no problems, and for swimmers all the hotels and 'clubs' — as the smaller hotels refer to themselves — have their own pools, anyway, attended by state-of-the-art waiter service.

Bahamians have that endearing ex-colonial attitude towards the British. They speak with affection of those times without wishing them back. They make much of their British heritage in the pomp and ceremony of pink and white Government House, and the glitzy trappings of old Empire. They also drive on the left, and one suspects the underlying Britishness is used as a mannered protest against their now being firmly within the American economic maw.

Get used to hotel classifications. MAP, means 'Modified American Plan', or breakfast, plus either lunch or dinner. Most Americans go for this. EP, or 'European Plan' means room only, although sometimes breakfast is included. FB, as in any language, is 'full board'. I would suggest a bed an breakfast deal. Trust House Forte's **Nassau Beach** hotel does those huge American breakfast with waffles and breakfast cakes, grits, corned beef hash, and hash browns. That is enough to keep most visitors fuelled all day until the evening. Choice of dinner is competitively priced between where you are staying, and outside restaurants. Seafood, of course, is tops, followed by the ubiquitous All American hamburger.



Dress is at all times informal, except for Sunday church, an occasion which should not be missed for its colour and gaiety with dignity bible thumping evangelism. It does not matter which religion you are. Everyone goes to the particular church that is open for business at whatever appointed hour.

There are cabarets and casinos, particular at the glibly named Paradise Island, where you pay a toll to drive over the bridge in to the estate of the American rich. Nassau is the top gateway to The Bahamas, followed by Freeport. Nassau is the visitors first impression of *Gone With The Wind* rotting plantation houses, palm trees bending in the breeze, and wooden shacks in the way into town. Freeport/Lucaya on Grand Bahama Island is much more *Financial Times* in its approach, with super-annuated golf courses and buggies. The old Out Islands have been rechristened The Family Islands, the main ones being Abaco, Eleuthern, Andros, and Bimini the last is just 20 minutes flying time from Miami.

Abaco, (pronounced all Cays 'Keys') Marsh Harbour, Hope Town, and Green Turtle Cay small places where you savour the flavour of old Colonial times amid the sleepy pace of life. Abaco offers scuba diving and sailing and sleep! Andros has its Grea Barrier Reef stretching more than 100 miles along the east coast. Bimini is for big game fishermen Hemingway style — those who are leather belted into their seats on the prows of high speed, ocean going launches. Visit the appropriately named Blue Marlin Cottage where the great man lived from 1931 until 1937. Eleuthera Harbour Island, and Spanish Well mean pink sand, secluded beaches scuba-ing, fishing, and limitless golf. At the Glass Window you see the calm of the Caribbean on one side, and the deeper blue of the Atlantic Ocean on the other, as you drive on a strip only as wide as the road itself.

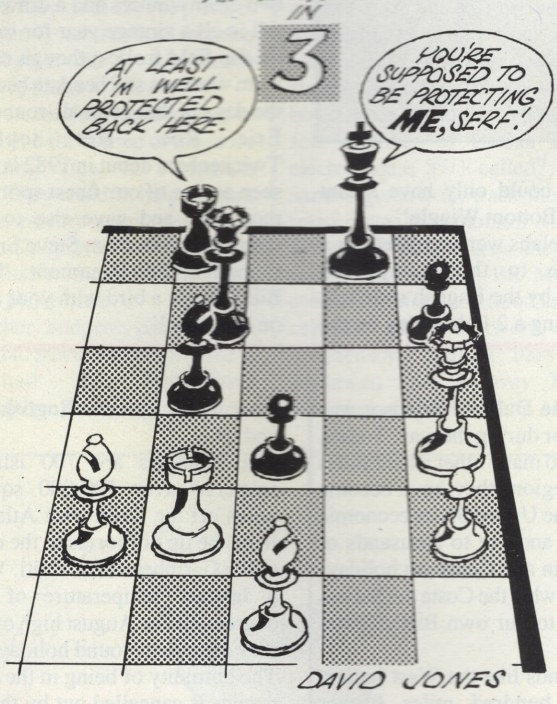
Sample native Bahamian food when you are there, especially conch, pronounced 'conk'. Large flaky white fish, with spicy conch chowder, crisp, marinated, conch salad, cracked conch, and conch fritters. The second fish is grouper, which is meaty, bright and white, and very fresh. Try grilled grouper. You might even ask you hotel for 'Johnny Cakes' bread as sweet as cake.

The Bahamas are eight hours from Heathrow by *British Airways*. Good package deals can be obtained from *Sovereign Holidays* or BA's *Poundstretcher* option.

FASCINATION OF

CHESS

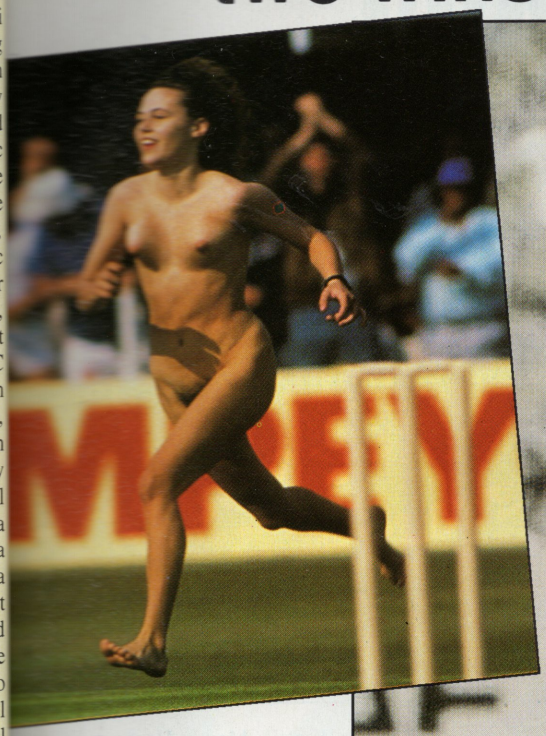
WHITE MATES IN 3

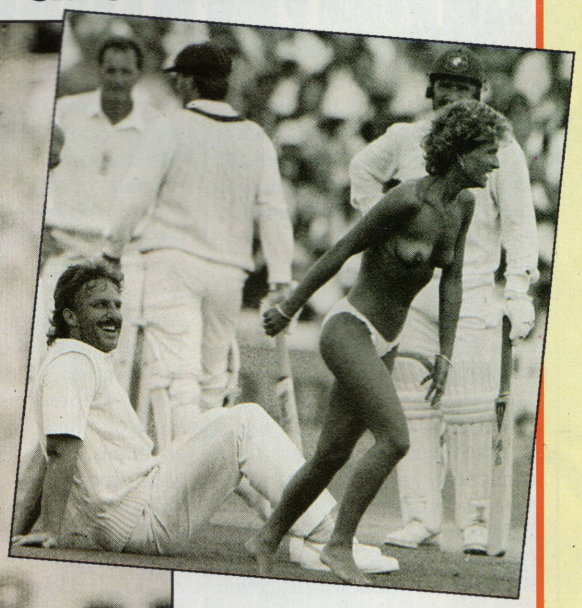


WHITE ROOK TAKES BISHOP (RXB6) AND BLACK QUEEN TAKES THE ROOK (QXR6). THE WHITE-SQUARED BISHOP MOVES UP TWO SQUARES DIAGONALLY, ATTACKING THE BLACK QUEEN, (BS) AND PINNING HER ON THE KING. QUEEN IS FORCED TO TAKE THE BISHOP (QXBS) WHITE QUEEN TAKES THE ROOK ON THE BACK RANK AND THE KING HAS NO ESCAPE.

CHECKMATE!

How we beat the Aussies by two wins and one drawers





England may have lost the Ashes to the Aussies, but in the stakes that really count, the euphemistically entitled Gashes, the home side is way out in front.

And what a front it was from 19-year old Sheila Nicholls, whose fast-spinners at Lord's started this year's crazy cricketing streaks. Wearing only a watch and a smile, she cartwheeled across the sacred turf, displaying some of the more uplifting form on the field of play that day.

But that was only the beginning of a sparkling showing by the English girls. Before we knew it, the drawers were off and play was resumed in the shape of 16-year old Lisa Watmough. (Surely not pronounced 'What muff'?) Sheffield-born Lisa chose Headingley for her stunning streak and duly bowled over her appreciative audience. The cries of 'LBW!' could only have meant 'Lovely Bottom Wiggle!'

The Sheelahs were stumped for a response to the unexpected showing by the English maidens, and, facing a 2-0 drubbing on the series, did their level best to come back from Down Under.

But it was all to no avail and England completed a Grand-Slam-Thank-You-Ma'am at Old Trafford in the shape of an anonymous streaker, who sadly kept her knickers on. Not quite cricket, but enough to secure the contest for the home-side — with two clear winners and a drawers.

All in all a vintage year for saucy on-the-field frolics, though close form watchers still hearken back to the days of that great all-rounder, Eric Roe. Her topless Twickenham debut in 1982 is still seen as one of our finest sporting moments, and gave rise to the inspired words from Steve Smith to captain Bill Beaumont: 'Hey Bill, there's a bird with your arse on her chest!'

unty gets her ditties out

lovers of bawdy songs will be glad to know that there's a whole LP record of ribaldry been released — by the BBC of all people. The Corporation has not only agreed to feature a whole series of songs it refused to broadcast in the repressive Lord Reith days, but put them on one album. Described as 'risque and sometimes quite graphic' *Saucy Songs* (BBC Records) features big banned numbers from Max Miller, Mae West, Sophie Tucker, Bessie Smith and lots more all uncensored (the only cleaning up involved had been their digital remastering). At first, it's quite hard to imagine why some of the songs were blue pencilled in the first place — Patricia Norman's *Old Man Mose Kicked the Bucket*, for example. The BBC explains, 'It was thought that Ms Norman was prone to confusing her Bs with her Fs.' Thanks to hi-tech you can now hear for yourself.

Travel

Ian Marlowe

The Bahamas have that far away places appeal of luxury and warmth. To older readers they are also remembered as the place where the Duke of Windsor was Governor during the war. Today, as with so many other island states in the region, they have become part of the United States economic empire, and are to thousands of American and Canadian holiday-makers, what the Costa del Sol has become to our own British mass market.

The islands like the West Indies, several hundred miles further south, have two distinct seasons. In summer the charter market descends, chiefly from the North American continent, taking advantage of low hotel rates, and group air fares. Between the middle of December and Easter, you'll find the full price paying independent travellers, escaping from the snows of Toronto and New York, and the English fog and ice.

The Bahamas are 700 islands scattered over 100,000 square miles off the south west Atlantic from the tip of Florida to the edge of the Caribbean near Haiti. With a January temperature of 72, degrees and an August high of 82, they offer year round holidaying. The humidity of being in the sub-tropics is cancelled out by the all pervading cooling breeze. Use of explosive air conditioning in one's room or chalet is not a good idea. The constant to-ing and fro-ing into the warmer, sweaty world outside induces dry throats and summer colds. The aquamarine coral beaches which look so attractive from the air, are often impractical for swimming. The

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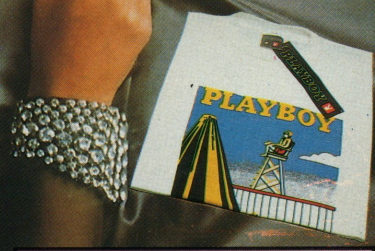

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THROUGH A GLASS STARKLY

Fiction by Chris Merrill

George's wife didn't know he was a voyeur with a video camera and a two-way mirror. But then, there were things that George didn't know about his wife

The first raindrops of the thunderstorm splattered across the forecourt as the Cortina pulled into the side. Its young driver turned to the pretty girl at his side and frowned. 'It'll be chucking it down in a minute. Did you bring a brolly?'

She shook her head.

'Never mind.' he said. 'If we don't hang about we'll soon be inside.'

Opening the door she looked anxiously at the darkening sky before hurrying up the path to the covered entrance. With a quick glance at the wooden plaque announcing; 'Trans-Lodge short term lets', she dashed into the vestibule and waited as he locked the car and joined her.

'We'll have to get out of these things before we catch a cold,' he grinned as he turned the handle of the inner door.'

She threw him a look of mock disapproval. 'Keep your voice down. You don't care who hears you do you?'

She turned on her heel and followed him into the motel lobby. The reception desk was deserted. He waited for a moment then reached for the bell, but before he could press the plunger a door to the rear opened.

'Hello! It's awful out there, isn't it? Did you get terribly wet?'

'No. Just a little.' the young man smiled as he looked down at his rain-splattered suit, and his

tie which was now sodden and plastered to the front of his expensive looking shirt.
'And your young lady?'
'She's fine,' he said, answering for her.' I booked a room. . .'
'Yes, Mr Wright isn't it?'
George, the motel owner, could see no point in going through the ritual of saying Mr and Mrs Wright. It seemed inappropriate somehow.
'I sign here?'
'Yes. Just there if you will. I have a nice room for you both. Room Seven. It's all ready and there's a metered fire if you want to dry out a little. I wonder, sir, if you would mind settling the invoice now?'
The girl's companion reached into his pocket. She smiled nervously as he settled up.
The motel keeper liked the look of the girl. He had a thing about self-assured, educated young ladies. She couldn't have been long out of school or college he thought. The grey raincoat was fashionably long, and had an expensive cut to it. From what he could see she had nice tapering legs. He didn't dare look at her longer than it was polite to do so, but the twin bulges in her rather loose raincoat suggested impressively large breasts.
'I'll show you both to your room,' George murmured helpfully as he led the way across the lobby. The couple followed him up the stairs and along the corridor to an end room.
'There you are, sir. I won't take any of your time up. I'm sure you will want to make yourselves comfortable. Enjoy your stay.'
As the door closed behind them the youth dropped his slightly formal air. Turning towards the girl at his side he laughed quietly as he pulled her towards him. 'There, it was a piece of piss, wasn't it?'
She put her finger on his lips. 'Steve. You've got an awful way of expressing yourself!'
He grinned. 'There's no end to the ways I can express myself, Ginette. Going to take your coat off then?'
Outside in the corridor, the motel keeper shifted from one foot to the other as he strained to pick up the couple's conversation. Then, with an exasperated snort, he returned quickly to reception where he put his head around the door he had emerged from earlier.
'Betty! I'm going out. It should be quiet this afternoon.'
His wife, a slightly buxom blonde, looked up from the television, but before she could reply the door had closed behind him. George, warily slipped back up the stairs. By the time he had reached the store room he was slightly out of breath. Once inside, it was just a few seconds work to lift the wall panel and reveal the two-way mirror behind it. Settling into a G-Plan chair he placed a headset on. He could hear every sound in Room Seven now, undisturbed even by the soft whirr of the video camera above his head.
The motel keeper licked his lips nervously as he gazed through the two way mirror. The girl in Room Seven had already stripped to the waist; her breasts were just as he had imagined them. Big, like one of those page three girls. He longed to reach out, and touch their red swollen nipples. She was perched on the bed, half facing the mirror George was peering through, watching her boyfriend undressed.
The smile on her face was slightly fixed as he stepped out of his pants. The briefs he was wearing did little to disguise his aroused state and the tip of her tongue flickered across a dry upper lip as though in anticipation.
'Hey, come on! I'm ahead of you,' he chided as he pulled his satin briefs down his slim thighs.
'I'll just take my panties off', she said.
'Like hell you will. I want to see all of you.' he said quietly as he approached the girl on the bed, his erection swinging menacingly.
The motel keeper's breathing grew heavy as the girl, now standing, unfastened her skirt and let it fall to the floor. He stayed, captivated, as she began to peel her panties down; mesmerised by the first glimpse of downy hairs between her upper thighs. It was barely more than a fleeting sight before the young man's bare buttocks blocked his view.
The girl's knees appeared on either side of her lover's thighs. 'Oh Steve, it's enormous,' she said, her hands stroking him.
In the store room the couple's unknown audience watched entranced. Although the two-way mirror had been the best investment he had ever made, he was still nervous. It was uncanny to be there, looking through what appeared to him just a pane of clear glass, with the couple, making love just a few feet away, blissfully unaware that they were being watched, and their every action committed to video film.
The girl, now sitting on the edge of the bed, responded passionately as her lover stroked her breasts, rubbing the nipples between his forefinger and thumb. Occasionally she leaned forward, her head disappearing from George's view. The slight slurping sound caused him to squirm in his seat. Allowing for a few minutes of foreplay the girl's lover pressed her backward until she was sprawled on her back. A smile creased his face as he trickled his fingers down her flat belly until his fingers mingled with the auburn tuft. George heard a muted cry of arousal and apprehension as the young man positioned himself between her bare thighs. Pressing the bulbous head of his swollen erection to her moist entrance, he pushed into her.
'Oh, Steve . . . not so quick. Oh! Please! Steve
The motel keeper sighed and sank lower into his chair. The blood had drained from his face, and he knew where it had gone. On the bed just a few feet away, the couple had turned a little to the side. The girl's lover raising her leg placed over his shoulder. The voyeur in the store room was in the perfect position to view the young man's swollen member as it slipped deeper into the mildly protesting young lady on the bed. By this time George was perspiring heavily. He was glad that he had positioned the bed so close to the mirror. The entwined couple looked so close he felt he could reach out and touch them; stroke the moist, satin-like sheen of her flawless skin.
George's tongue flickered across dry lips as the young man and girl on the bed responded to each other's lovemaking. The girl's fingers dragged furrows down her young lover's back and panting, he surged deeper and deeper into her. George developed a nervous tick that kept time with the couple's hypnotic rhythm.
'You were great.' Steve sighed romantically peering down between his thighs, he withdrew his shaft far enough to admire its rigidity and size before sinking it into her once again. George wasn't sure whether Steve's compliment was

turn to page

TINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

As one of the best English summers
years reaches an end, there's one la
who will be glad to see the back of it
18-year-old student Tina Morgan. Th
shapely 32-22-34 inch brunette from
Chester spent her holiday fruit pickin
'I thought I'd go on a working tour of
Kent. I don't mind the sun as you ca
see, but when you're bent double o
a raspberry bush, it's no fun, not wh
you keep losing your basket,' she say

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Bending over a raspberry bush has other disadvantages, too. 'I don't kn what was the bigger problem — my sunburnt bottom or the attention of th locals. Especially as, at first, I used to slip my knickers off if it got really hot. soon learnt my lesson there. The people I was working for weren't too happy — production among the mal fruit pickers dropped to an all time lo I also got tired of comments like: 'Tha looks like a ripe juicy one, ready for plucking.' At least I think they said that

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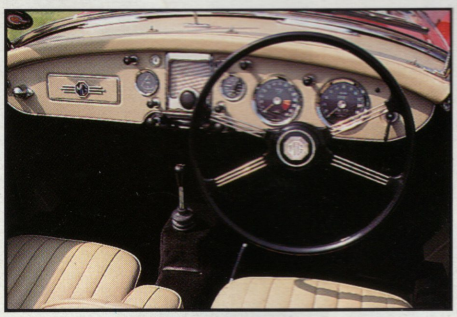
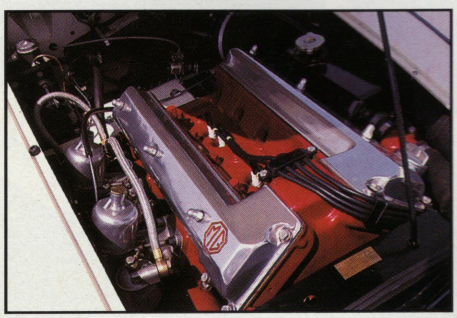
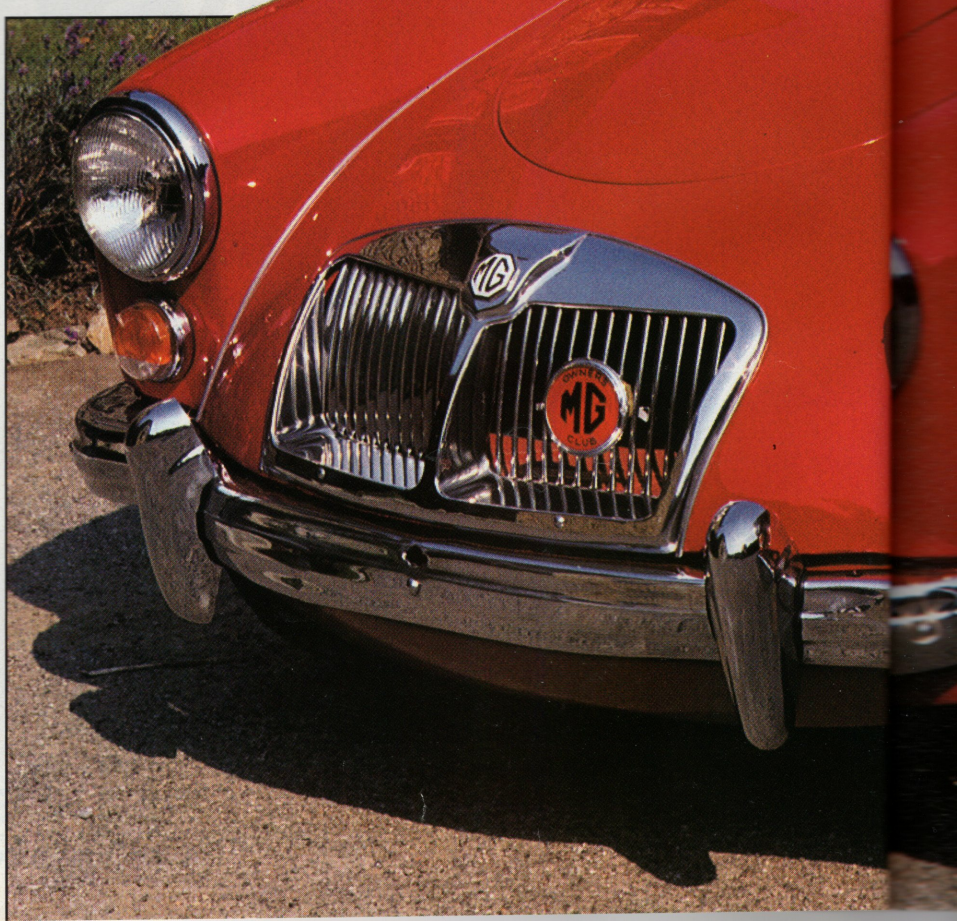
The A.B.C

Main picture: A red MGA Roadster. This M II version was manufactured in 1961, and is pictured shortly after re-conditioning b Marksdaines Classic Cars. Inset: Profile sh of the re-conditioned car. Top left: Rearview of 1961 Mk II. Middle left: Interior shot of a Roadster 1600. Bottom left: The 1588cc twin-cam engine of the Mk I







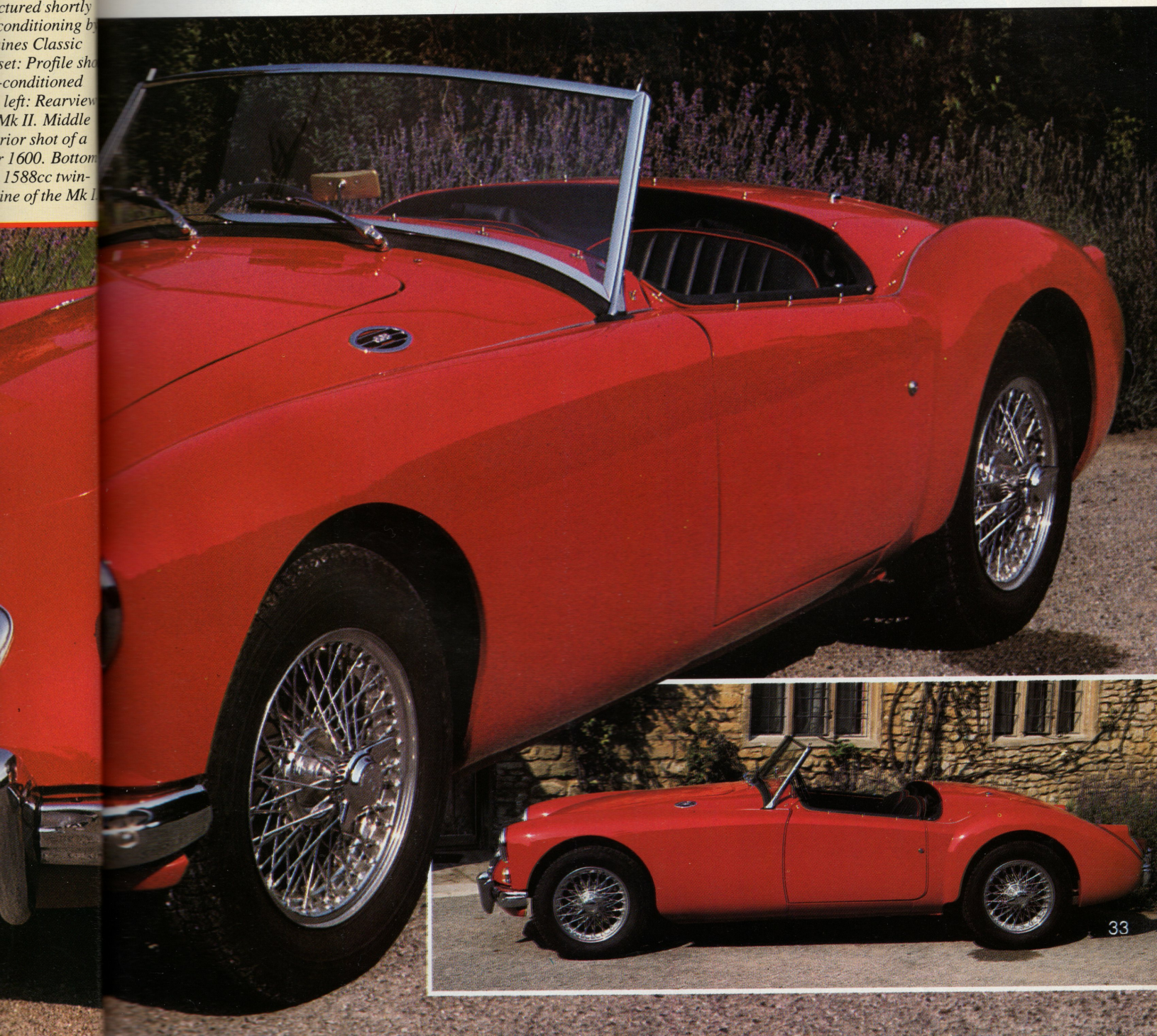
# of MG

MG enthusiasts, wedded to their angular slab-tanked sports cars, were appalled when the rounded, aerodynamic MGA was launched in 1955. But it outsold all other sports cars and, like its successors the MGB and MGC, is now a collectors' classic

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The late Cecil Kimber was a man of much foresight. It was he who saw how effectively he could re-body the excellent 'bread-and-margarine' Morris cars produced by William Morris (later Sir William, later still Lord Nuffield), and make them sporting and attractive to the eye. He did this with Sir William's approval, if not exactly forthright assistance. As Kimber operated from Morris Garages in Oxford, his cars were called MGs. It was to become very big business indeed. It all began around 1922/23, and by 1925 Kimber was competing in the classic MCC Land's End Trial in a special sports two-seater MG, and by the 1930s the MG was an exceedingly well-established sports-car.

Many important racing successes endorsed the MG name, and eventually these enthusiasts' cars



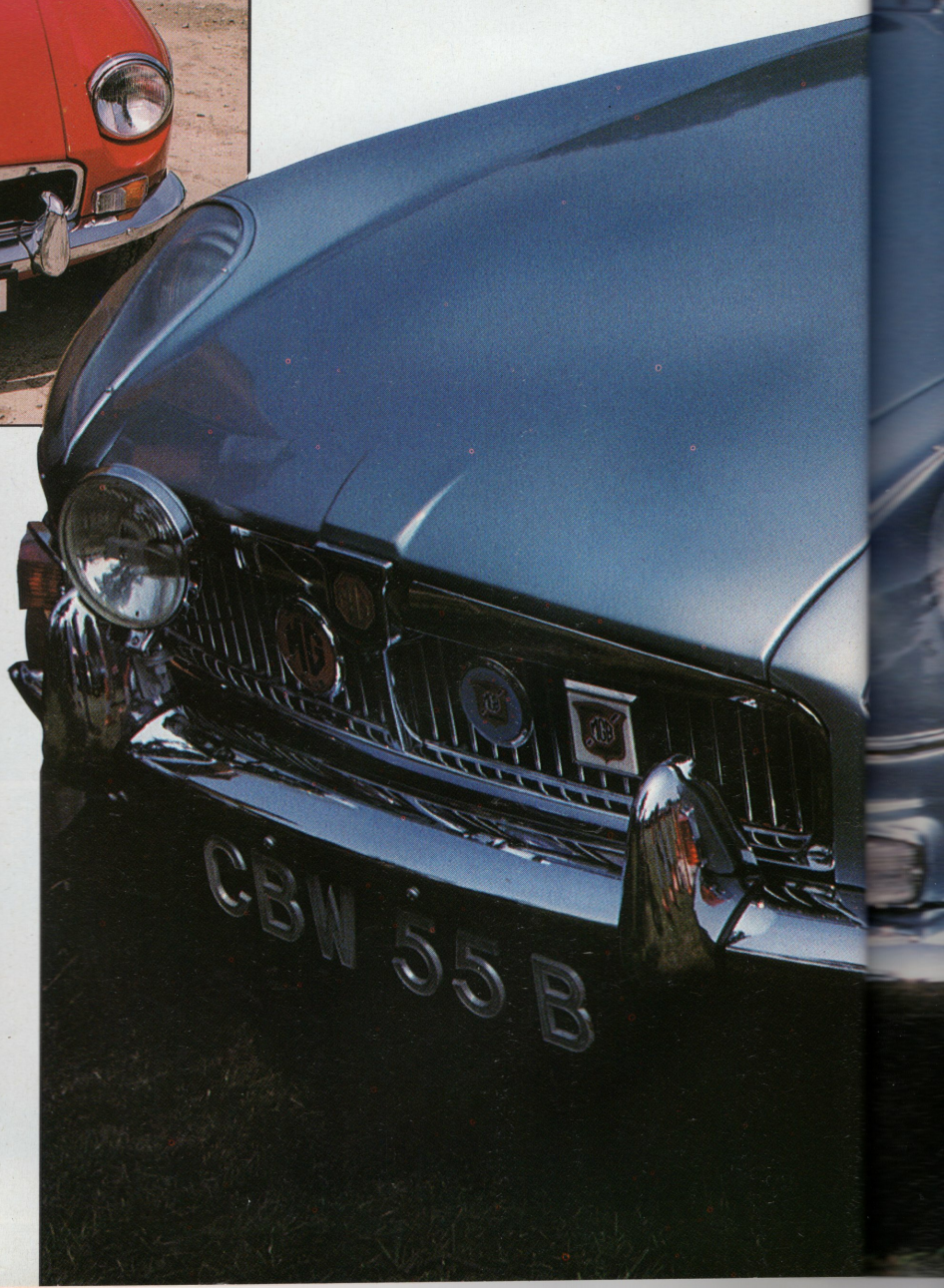
MGB

were built in a factory at Abingdon-on-Tham which had the distinction of making nothing sports-cars. Things change, alas, and all the g racing and record-breaking activities were ki off instantly by Lord Nuffield. The MG t persists even to this day, however, now used the faster models in the Rover Group's Me Maestro and Montego ranges.

One big change in the illustrious history of M came in 1955. Up to that time the sports MG tw seaters had been characterised, in their la forms, by slab petrol-tanks behind the seats. T long series of exciting motor-cars could tr their origins back to the M-type MG Midge 1928/29, a cheeky, rapid baby devised Kimber using Morris Minor parts, and wh came with a pointed rear-end.

The very success of these race and trials-winn

Main picture: the MGB Coune, built on a stripped-down chassis, supplied by MG. This customised version was prepared for a French buyer by Jacques Coune Carrossier. The design so impressed MG's management it proved the inspiration for the MGB GT. Above: 1978 MGB Roadster. Top left: A 1969 red MGB Roadster. Bottom left: A light blue MGA capable of 0-50 in 10.8 seconds.



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MGs forced a change of manufacturing policy. When demand exceeds a certain level it becomes uneconomic to use specialised components when mass-produced ones are available for adaptation. Moreover, it is politic to change with the times, and modernise formerly traditional car-shapes and body-styles. This was the kind of thinking that lay behind the introduction of the MGA, one of Britain's best-loved sports models.

At the time, the changes from the familiar angular body lines and the slab-tank seemed, to die-hard MG followers, as a sacrilegious as did the rounding off of the Morgan's exposed headlamps and accepted radiator-shells to Morgan enthusiasts. Mark you, the change by MG from TF Midget to the new MGA was much more drastic than the change to Morgans.

But it all made good engineering and production sense. The ploy was to produce an entirely new and modern body shell. The company planned to use a tuned version of the British Motor Corporation's B-series four-cylinder push-rod overhead-valve engine that had been installed in so many Austin-based saloon cars. Gas-flow expert Harry Weslake was called-in to induce more power from this straightforward unit, and in the end it produced 66 bhp at 5,500 rpm.

The new body was not only better-looking, to all except MG fanatics, but it was more aero-dynamic. So the MGA not only gave those who purchased it a top speed of just below the magic 100 mph, but it was decently frugal of fuel, giving around 30 mpg.

This was clearly a recipe for sales success, especially as the 1500-MGA engine, of 73 x 88.9 mm bore and stroke, was to be followed by a car which had the cylinder-bore enlarged by 2.4 mm. This gave it an engine size of 1,588 cc,

Main Picture: The 1968 MGC GT, with a top speed of 120 mph, this red six-cylinder 2912cc capacity vehicle was manufactured only from 1967-1969, but reached cult status soon after it went out of production. Top left: The twin-cam version of the MGA and again from the front, top right. Top centre: A green MGA Coupé, with 1588cc capacity. Inset: Rear view of the 1968 MGC GT.

making the 1600-MGA capable of 80 bhp at 5,600 rpm.

The MGA was the last MG to have a separate chassis, a rigid frame which incorporated the coil-spring independent front suspension of the former TF MG Midget, and rack-and-pinion steering. This endowed the 'A' with outstanding road-holding and cornering, by the standards of the times. The body had a wind-defeating nose on which the radiator-grille outlined the MG badge and motif. The headlamps were recessed in the front mudguards, and unlike earlier MGs, the new car had an all-enveloping body. A twin-cam version was planned, but snags were encountered, and it was quietly forgotten about — MG had to give way to Jaguar in this engineering concept!

The MGA was introduced to the buying public at large and, in particular, those in America, just before the 1955 Le Mans 24-hour race in France. A team of three aluminium-bodied cars was entered for this prestigious marathon of speed. Unfortunately, this was the year of motor-racing disaster; at Le Mans a Mercedes-Benz 300SLR crashed into the crowd, killing more spectators than ever before in the history of the sport. One of the MGs also crashed, seriously injuring driver Dick Jacobs. In the TT race at Dunrod in Ireland more fatal accidents happened.

At Le Mans two of the new MGs had finished 5th and 6th in their class, behind the very quick Porsches. The faster MG averaged over 86 mph for the two rounds of the clock. In the TT the two experimental twin-cam MGs retired but the push-rod car came home 4th in its class, again behind the well-established Porsches.

MG had returned to racing, at which they had scored so many resounding successes, after a long absence, only to officially abandon it after just these two races. It was under this cloud that the MGA was released, selling for £844, inclusive of purchase-tax. It was to become not only a very significant competition car the world over in the hands of amateur drivers, but it also outsold all other sports-cas in its day. More than 13,000 were made in the first full year, and 15,000 were exported to the USA, where the new, smoother MG was raced keenly.

The production cars had steel bodies, with full weather equipment. The engine bearings and the hood were quickly improved, and a hard-top made available. For 1957, a coupé version was listed, at £1,050. At Sebring, MGAs won the Team Award two years in succession, and there were other notable racing and trials successes.

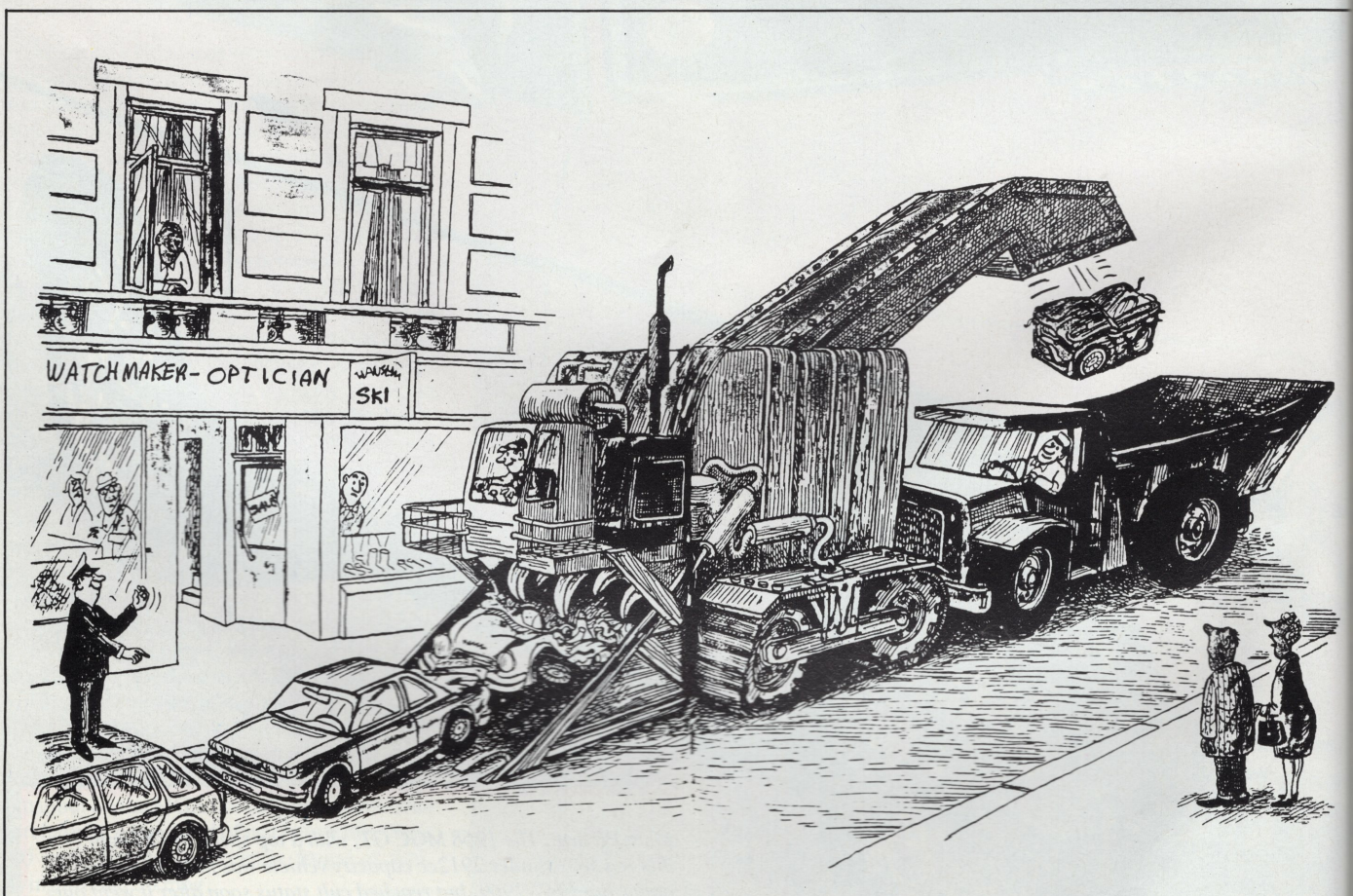
The MGA was a taut, pleasant car, deserving of development. The short-lived twin-cam MG had disc front brakes, and these were adopted for the 1600-A (which in 1961 became the Mk II, the A's final form) with the engine again enlarged this time to 1,622 cc. This got the top speed up to 101 mph, and improved the acceleration of a rather weighty car to 0-60 mph in 13.7 seconds. There was also a de luxe Mk II, made in a limited quantity. In all over 101,000 A's were built between 1955 and 1962, 8,719 of them Mk IIs. This led to the unit-construction MGB, which arrived in September 1962, and which for a sports car was built in massive numbers. The use of engines and transmissions from Austin Morris saloons was continued, but the engine was now the 90.26 x 88.9 mm, B-series, of 1,798 cc. This gave 95 bhp at 5,400 rpm and 103 mph flat-out, 0-60 coming up in 12.2 seconds. The gearbox gave four forward speeds, with an optional overdrive offered from 1975, or, from 1967, even auto-transmission if you were that kind of driv

The rest of the B was much as the A. As wel the two-seater there was the attractive MGB fastback, which I recall affectionately.

In 1962 the two-seater was priced at £950. M detail improvement had been incorporated, a new clutch, bigger starter and water pump and the bigger engine gave better torq Normally, disc wheels were fitted but bolt- wires were available, in knock-off form. engine had two semi-downdraft SUs, and gearbox had synchromesh on all four ratios When the brute-force Austin-Healey was put production in the MG factory at Abingdon, idea was adopted of putting the 3-litre 145 six-cylinder engine into the MG shell. It resu in a more modern car than the ageing Heal and one of considerable performance, 120 m and 0-60 in 10 seconds being the norm. longer power-pack called for wishbone fr suspension with torsion bars, and the engine altered in some respects. The MG fratern tended to scorn this MGC, which had distinction of being HRH Prince Charles's f car. With hindsight, it is seen to have been qu a good car, and a very smooth and rapid MG lasted however for less than two years, fr 1967 to 1969, when over 9,000 were made.

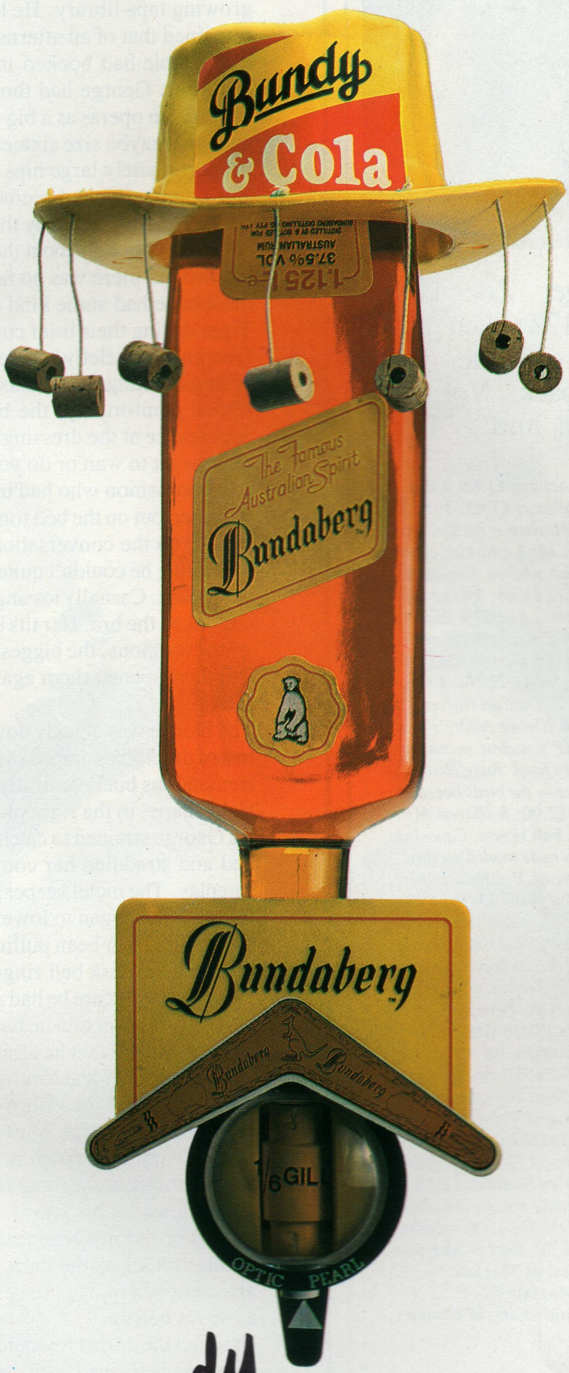
The final fling of these particular MGs was MG-B GTV8. Quite a road-burner, this smoothly achieved by installing the light-al Rover 137 bhp V8. The car was more like four-cylinder B. It was manufactured from 19 to 1976, but only 2,591 left the factory.

All these 'proper' MGs were typically Brit sports-cars, very successful in their time today still well remembered, one might vigorously promoted, by the MG Clubs.



'They're tough on illegal parking in this city. . . '

LIE BACK AND THINK OF AUSTRALIA INSTEAD.



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Through a Glass Starkly

continued from page 24

aimed at the girl on the bed or the young man's own swollen membe
'Oh, Steve,' she sighed. 'It's beautiful, so beautiful.'
'Not half as beautiful as you are,' the young man murmured as, with h hands on her shoulders, he pressed himself further into her. Suddenly began to stiffen, as though showing solidarity with his growing state excitement. The girl on the bed sensing the impending climax stretch taut.
'Oh Steve! Let it come. Let it come, darling!'

* * *

The video results of the young couple's lovemaking joined George growing tape library. He looked at the names and dates. His favouri remained that of an afternoon's events during the late summer.
The couple had booked in just after lunch. The woman was big a beautiful. George had thought how well she would suit one of tho Wagnerian operas as a big-breasted valkyrie. She was about six feet t and was maybe size sixteen, he had been fascinated by her breasts a proportionately large hips.
Her companion had seemed a little surly. Maybe he'd had a right bearing in mind the way the motel keeper was looking at the blonde his arm. Although about the same age the woman had been the bigger the two but there was no fat on her. George had reckoned that the m must have had some kind of track record when the blonde called hi Tiger during their brief conversation over booking in.
George's wife Betty had been away for the day and he wasted no time arranging things as he liked them in the store room. By the time he w settled comfortably, the blonde had put the finishing touches to h appearance at the dressing table.
'You want to wait or do you want to make a start?'
Her companion who had undressed while she tidied her make-up, w stretched out on the bed fondling an enormous hard-on. George strain to pick up the conversation. The guy she had called Tiger murmur something he couldn't quite catch, and the blonde had started to unfas her blouse. Casually tossing it over the back of a bedroom chair, she th unhooked the bra. Her tits bounced free and as though on springs. Th were enormous, the biggest George had ever seen. He'd closed his ey and then opened them again as though unable to believe what he w seeing.
The blonde was quickly down to her panties, and then they too joined t rest of the clothes draped over the back of the chair. Her buttocks had be tremendous but beautifully shaped. Everything about her had been t right shape, in the right places — but big.
As George strained to catch murmured words, she had climbed on to t bed and straddled her companion. Neither had shown any interest foreplay. The motel keeper had watched with numb fascination as leani forward she began to lower herself on to her lover's swollen erectio George had just been pulling his chair a little closer to the mirror wh he heard the desk bell ringing. A stiffled cry of exasperation had bu from his lips before he had slipped back into the corridor. Trotting do the stairs to reception he had found it difficult to hide his exasperation he confronted what he assumed was a hotel trade salesman.
'My friends, Mr and Mrs Wilkinson, are staying here. Do you have th room number?' the visitor demanded.
'Of course.' George murmured putting the visitors' book back on shelf. 'They're in room seven.'
He remembered watching as the couple's visitor disappeared up the sta and listened for his knock on the door. He had heard it but surprisin the caller did not reappear. He had then left it a few minutes bef climbing back up the stairs to peer along the empty corridor. Quietly again slipped into the store room, this time his heart had been poundi as never before.
Through the mirror he could see the blonde in the same position and do the same as she had been doing when he had gone to reception. Only t time she had been straddling the new arrival while Tiger, positioni himself on his knees in front of her had fed his enormous erection into h mouth.
The rest of the afternoon was etched in George's memory as for nea two hours, the threesome on the bed had put the teachings of the Ka Sutra through the most demanding tests. Yes that had been a good ta

* * *

George's own love-life left a little to be desired. Betty was an attract woman who could still raise a wolf whistle and George worshipped t ground she walked on. From the early days of their marriage he'd put h on a pedestal. She was special, too special for him to gratify his lusts, he left that to his imagination and the large chested bimbos that floc

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FRANCES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

At 21, Frances Harvey is now well on her way to fulfilling her ambition to becoming a 'great architect'. Not just an ordinary architect? 'No,' says Frances defiantly, 'one day I'm going to build something of monumental proportions, a temple or something. Certainly nothing ordinary and boring like a housing estate or a block of offices.' London-born Frances is clearly a very single-minded young lady. And, if the structures she devises are anywhere near as impressive as her own 36-24-36 figure, she'll do well.

Frances now studying for her architectural degree, is lucky enough to have found a student flat in the centre of London, just off Great Portland Street. 'It's subsidised by the college, so it's quite nice, and very handy.' When not enjoying the odd Martini down the *Mason's Arms*, she likes to get out of the big City as often as possible. 'Although I was born a City girl,' she says, 'I think the sea must be in my blood somewhere, probably from my grandad who was a real 'salty old sea dog' but always taught us to be cautious of the sea. He gave me a real love of sailing.'

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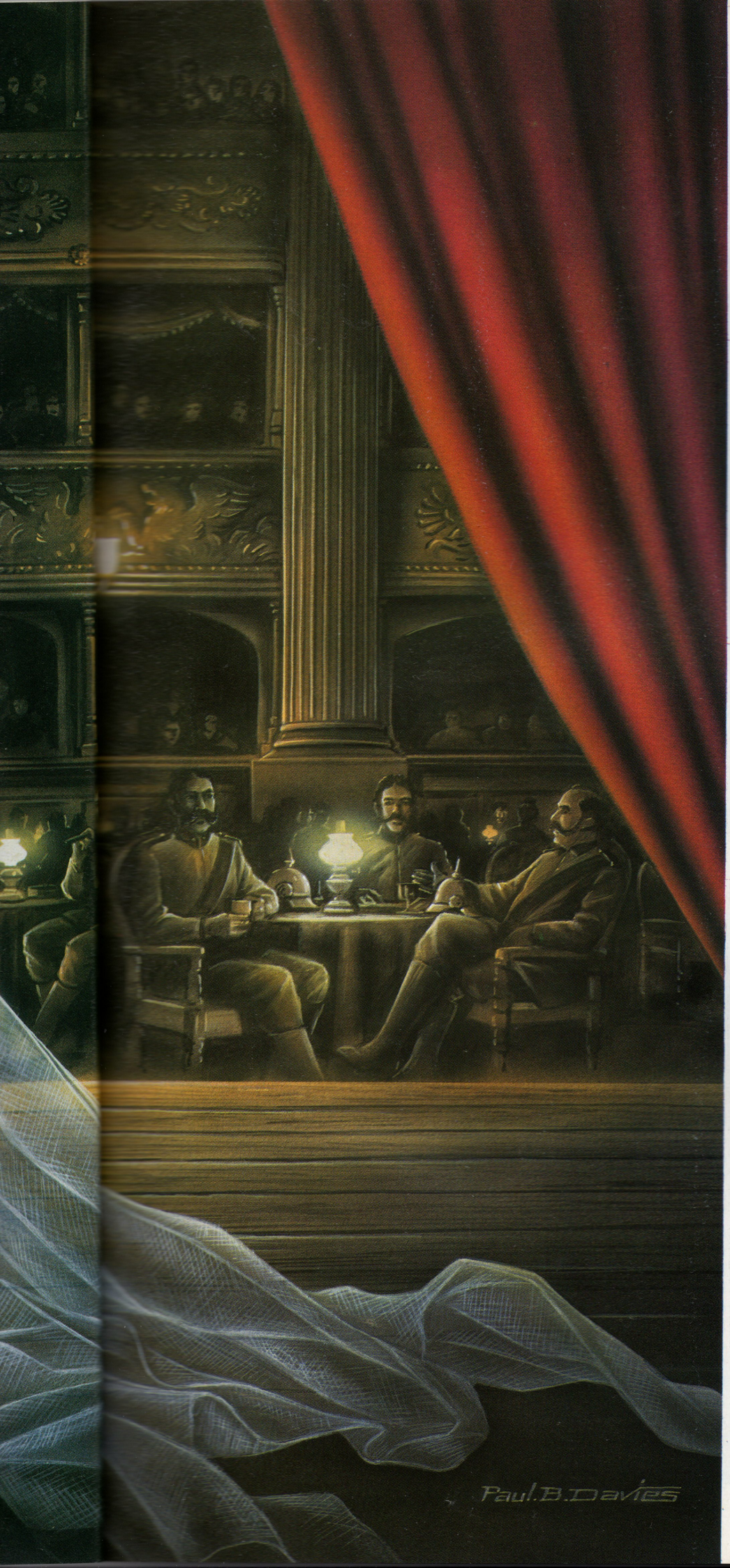
'It's when I'm down on the beach, that most of my ideas for buildings come to me,' she says wistfully. Sand castles in the air? 'You could say that,' she laughs. 'Still, I like nothing more than getting away from it all with my Pekinese, Jahbulon, and imagining the kind of buildings I'll build one day.' she adds.



During World War One, erotic dancer Mata Hari bedded the senior military men on both sides. She was shot as a spy, but her skill as a seductress far exceeded her alleged abilities in espionage

MATA HARI

– the sexiest spy in history

By Gerald Rawling

It did not sound like an invitation to an evening of erotic abandon.

On the night of March 3, 1905, Monsieur Guimet, director of the Musée Guimet, a prestigious Parisian art collection, requested the presence of a distinguished audience, including two ambassadors and a leading novelist, at a performance of oriental dances by one Lady Macleod.

What they got was a sizzling striptease that would put modern Soho — not to mention Paris — to shame, followed by a performance of nude dancing by a lissome, devastatingly sexy 28-year-old, that, in the words of novelist Colette 'carried the male — and a good proportion of the female — spectators to the extreme limit of decent attention.'

Overnight this paragon of sensuality became a celebrity, feted — and frequently bedded — by the highest echelons of French society. But her notoriety was to extend far beyond Edwardian France. She was to become the archetypal *femme fatale*, and the model for all glamorous and beautiful spies. Born Margaretha Gertruida Zelle — Macleod was her married name — she is better known today as Mata Hari.

What was the secret of her perennial appeal? A description of that epoch-making performance in 1905 gives some clues.

M. Guimet had been at considerable pains to

Whether Mata Hari was a spy is debatable, her charm is not. Her eyes were said to be 'magnetic and enigmatic . . . full of velvety softness in whose depths so many souls have drowned.'

make the evening a success, and the whole auditorium resembled, as much as anything, an oriental shrine with artistic lighting, banks of exotic flowers, and heady perfume pervading the atmosphere. After a brief introduction the curtain rose, revealing a giant Buddha, below whose round belly lay what appeared to be a tidy bundle of draperies. A vague kind of 'eastern' music was by now drifting around the audience, and, as it increased in volume, the draperies on the floor began to move sinuously, slowly, and tantalisingly gaining in height until the spectators became aware that this was Lady Macleod, the dancer, and then she began to dance.

One of the audience, an experienced journalist, later wrote: 'To my astonishment I saw the form of a beautiful woman materialize behind shimmering gauze of gold and silver . . . One by one the enveloping veils were torn away, rising like flying birds or fluttering reluctantly to the ground, until the dancer stood before us covered only with heavy glittering chains and necklets of gleaming stones.' Another audience member referred to 'The mystic frenzy produced by her lascivious attitudes,' while a third stated: 'Nude dancing is designed to arouse passion and desire but (she) made you feel that you were actually satisfying your desire with her.'

Clearly she was remarkably adept at stirring the erotic imagination of her audience. But her own imaginative qualities seemed to have inspired much of her career, not least in her own account of her background and upbringing:

'I was born in the south of India, on the coast of Malabar, in the holy city of Jaffnapattam, the child of a family within the sacred caste of Brahma. My father was called *Assirvadam*, which means 'The Blessing of God', because of his piety and pureness of heart. My mother was a glorious *bayadère* (religious dancer) in the Temple of Kanda-Swany. She died when she was 14, on the same day that I was born. The priests of the Temple, having cremated my mother, adopted me under the baptismal name of Mata Hari, "The Eye of the Morning".

'Then, in the great pagoda of Siva, I was trained to follow my mother's footsteps in the holy rites of the dance — long monotonous hours of practice, for every gesture of the dance has its spiritual meaning. Then, at the age of 13, on the threshold of womanhood, I was initiated into the mystery of faith and love of the night of Saky-Pudja, at the coming of spring. There, before the purple granite altar of Kanda-Swany, I danced for the first time, completely nude.'

Her story ended with her meeting a handsome and dashing young British officer, who took her away from the Temple and married her. She bore him a son, who was poisoned by a fanatical native servant, whom she promptly strangled with her bare hands. The handsome British husband was then written out of the script, dying of a fever. Now defiled in the view of the priests of Kanda-Swany, she fled to Europe, bringing with her all those arcane secrets of the mysterious dancing rituals she had learned in the Far East.

The plain facts about Mata Hari's origins were more prosaic. She was born on August 7, 1876, not in South India, but in Leeuwarden, Holland, daughter of Adam Zels, who owned a hatshop. At the age of 17 she married in what can only be described as unusual circumstances.

Her future husband was a Dutch colonial officer on leave from the Dutch East Indies, named Captain Rudolph Macleod, a 31-year-old bachelor of Scottish extraction. One of his friends in impish mood, entered an advertisement in the Amsterdam *Daily News* of the 'lonely hearts' type, saying that Macleod wished to meet a young lady — object matrimony.

The result was a meeting between the two, with Macleod being carried away by the young lad evident charms — a lissome figure, splen eyes, an apparently permanent amber skin, an outgoing, rather startling personality.

She was enamoured of uniforms, particula officers; Captain Macleod with his kepi a rakish angle, and two medals hanging on his breast, seemed an ideal choice, despite be more than twice her age. They were lovers w in weeks, and she was pregnant before they w married in Amsterdam City Hall on July 1895. The transition to 'Lady' was her inventi Their son was born in Holland, but wit months they were posted back to the East Ind where a second child, a daughter, Juan Louisa, was born in May 1898. Marital bliss not last long, however. Macleod, by no major, and recognising that he would never m colonel, turned to drink and occasionally bea his wife. She, for her part, neglected the child and took lovers from the young officers.

In June, 1899, tragedy struck the family, wi the son, Norman, died through eating poiso rice, fed to him by a native woman serva apparently because her husband, one Macleod's soldiers had been disciplined in so way. The death of her son was the only t incident in Mata Hari's own highly-colou version of her life.

However, she did not strangle the servant, w in fact confessed a couple of weeks later on own deathbed as she lay dying of cholera. T marriage was going downhill with increas momentum, Mata Hari and her husband agr on the only thing that they *could* agree on — they had both learned to hate life in Java Sumatra, and wanted to go back to Holla They sailed in March, 1902, and immedia obtained a legal separation, followed b divorce four years later. Custody of the f year-old daughter was given to the husband Now 27, Mata Hari decided on a stage car and took off for Paris, where the opportuni seemed more favourable than Amsterdam. her disgust she found that a long course training was necessary, and side-stepped into next most obvious career, that of artist's mo Introduced by an acquaintance to a Left B artist called Octava Guillonet, she at first refu to take off her clothes in front of a stranger. artist simply shrugged, and was about to send away, when his wife entered the studio, and embryo model became reassured and undres remarking that she would make a sacrifice the sake of the children.' Guillonet inspected body with a critical eye, and told her she h very fine figure. 'Except for your breasts, added. 'They are too flabby and pendulous, would be better in costume, I think.'

She got a certain amount of work in this line it did not pay well, and it seems certain during this period, desperately short of mo she turned to the oldest profession — thoug a rather *chic* type of brothel, where the fees high and the customers select. At the same ti she practised her eastern dancing in priv determined to succeed on the stage.

Truthfully, her 'Indian' dancing was, in f Indonesian — the ritual dances she had see Java and Sumatra. Even the name she chose herself was not Indian, but Malayan — M Hari means, in fact, 'Eye of the Morning' or of Dawn' in the Malay language. She attem a couple of tryouts, but casual performance second rate music halls, where she billed he as 'Lady Gresha Macleod, in Dances of

turn to pag

The very noticeable
Natalie Banus

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO

There's something definitely different about Natalie Banus. She's got the same shapely 40-22-34 curves. The same striking, slightly Italianate good looks are there. But there's a subtle change. She's somehow more sophisticated. The fresh-faced teenager who graced our pages in Vol 23 No 5 is maturing into womanhood.

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Natalie's blossoming goes beyond the merely physi
Since her last appearance in *Mayfair* she has branc
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Natalie only took to actin chance. Initially she was drawn to the ballet, and h a place at the Royal Balle School. But she had to gi up when her figure sudde took on its decidedly un- ballerina like proportions the tender age of 11 year old. But her tu-tu impress figure has ensured that sh has become one of the country's favourite and m talked about glamour models. Her debut appearance, in the *Star* b in 1987, caused a stir wh readers had to vote on whether Natalie should g topless after her 16th birthday or not. Natalie herself had no doubts as her future career: 'I can't t to be a topless model,' sh said at the time. Her moth advised her daugther: 'If you've got it, flaunt it!'

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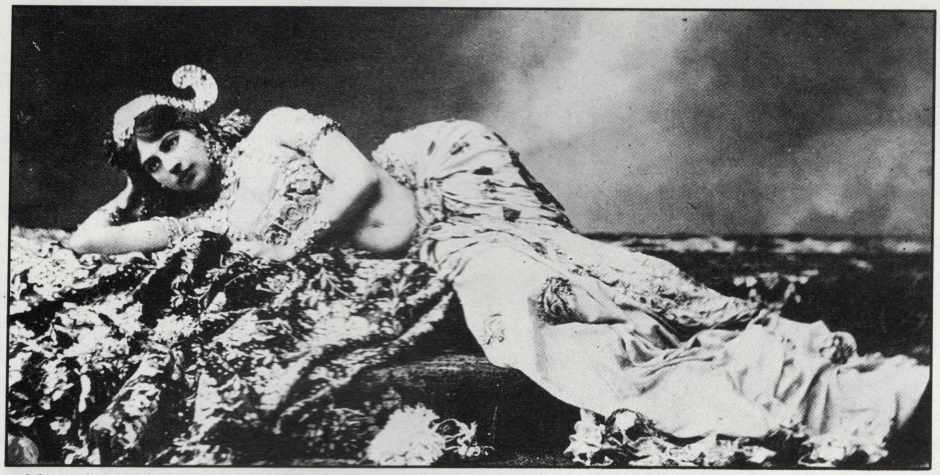
MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

Natalie Banus



Although Mata Hari wasn't a classic beauty and her breasts were 'flabby and pendulous', men were impressed by the sleekness of her brown skin which 'appeared to have been anointed with oil.'

Mata Hari: The Sexiest Spy

continued from page 50

East,' raised little interest among the Parisian public. But then an agent had the bright idea of sending her out to entertain private parties, and, at one of these, she was spotted by the Parisian editor of *Revue Theâtrale*, who was entranced by her body movements, and introduced her to M. Guimet, and a new world.

Despite the fact that her 'Indian' dances were unauthentic and many impresarios were unimpressed by her dancing ability, she clearly had star quality. Collette again describes her at a fashionable garden party at the time: 'A loud, strongly-stressed voice calling me by my *nom de plume* made me turn round. I found a lady. I found a lady in a black and white check suit, her bust held high by a boned curaiss of stays, a veil with velvet chenille dots upon her nose, holding out a tightly-gloved hand in white glacé stitched with black. I also remember a frilled shirt with a stiff collar and a pair of shoes of bright egg colour. I remember my amazement. The lady laughed heartily, displaying a set of strong, white teeth, gave me her name, wrung my hand, expressed the hope that we might meet again and did not move a muscle as the voice of Lady W rang out beside us, loud and clear: ''She an Oriental! Don't be silly. Hamburg or Rotterdam, or possibly Berlin''.'

But Paris, 1905, and the ensuing few years in other cities, were to prove the apogee of her short and spectacular career, whether as dancer, courtesan or spy. The word 'courtesan' is used advisedly, since few people — even her severest critics — ever referred to her as a harlot, or whore. Her numerous lovers were invariably wealthy, usually of the upper classes with a preponderance of officers of all ranks, and she was 'looked after', in the financial sense, at a level which enabled her to indulge in every possible luxury. There was even a widely held belief (latterly proved untrue) that she was the mistress of the Crown Prince of Germany.

Surprisingly, most authorities agree that she was not classically beautiful, yet her physical impact was undeniable and always deeply impressive. Here is a description by a man who knew her well without succumbing to her charms:

'She was not really pretty. Her features lacked refinement. There was something bestial about the lips, cheeks and jaw. Her brown skin always had the appearance of having been anointed with oil, or was exuding perspiration. Her bust was flat and drooping, and always concealed from view. Only her eyes and arms were absolute in their beauty. Those who said she had the most beautiful arms in the world did not exaggerate. And her eyes! Eyes that were magnetic and enigmatic, ever changing, eyes ever of velvety softness, commanding and pleading, melancholy and mean, those terrible eyes in whose depths so many souls were drowned, actually merited the adoration awarded them.'

Thus equipped, Mata Hari embarked on a triumphant tour of major European cities, dancing in Madrid, Monte Carlo, Berlin and Vienna. By December, 1911, she was ensconced in a handsome villa in Neuilly, a fashionable inner suburb of Paris, by one of her lovers. Next year in the winter of 1911/12 she danced at La Scala, Milan to a rapturous welcome from an audience, which, even today, has the reputation of being the most critical in Europe. At La Scala, performers either get brickbats or bouquets; Mata Hari was in the latter category.

But, somewhere in this pre-First World War era, so her later prosecutors alleged, she became involved in discreet liaisons of a murkier kind — as a spy of German Intelligence. We do know that in January, 1906, Mata Hari was in Berlin and that her current lover was a Lieutenant Kiepart of the Eleventh Regiment of Hussars.

More than that, when appearing at a Berlin music hall, she came to the attention of the Berlin Chief of Police, one Herr von Jagow, who attended personally to investigate the condition of her costume, as reports had reached him, according to Mata Hari herself, that 'The police had the right to censure costumes worn by artistes, and there had been complaints that mine were inadequate.' Detractors of Mata Hari say that any fourth or fifth assistant would have served for such a purpose, but her supporters say that von Jagow grasped the opportunity to meet the great lady — perhaps to become her lover. Thus it was in 1910 that, as the Mata Hari legend runs, she was scooped up into the German espionage system, given the code name H 21, and sent to one of the spy schools they ran in Lorrach, somewhere in the New Forest area. There she learned about encyphering and decyphering and methods of getting information home. If, indeed, she ever attended that spy school, she was back in Paris in 1913, and was practically penniless — almost overnight the pendulum of her international fame had swung the other way. Her prosperous lover who had provided the villa in Neuilly had disappeared and she was reduced to playing low key music halls like *Les Folies Bergères*.

In early 1914 she moved to Berlin to fulfil a dancing engagement scheduled for September of that year, but war broke out on August 4, while she was awaiting the skips which containe costumes en route from Paris. A sympat Dutch businessman, staying in the same h who knew her by reputation, advised her t out quickly and, as a fellow national, boug a sleeper on the next train to Amsterda prudent husband, he followed on the next himself, and put her up with his family for weeks. Mata Hari, however, even at her lo managed to find dancing engagements — Theatre Royal in The Hague — and new lo one of whom set her up by the summer of in a comfortable 'neat little house' in The H It was around the spring of 1916 that she de to chance her arm in Paris once more — wh to further her dancing career or her espio undertaking is open to question.

And here occurs a strange episode in the Hari legend. To go to Paris, which by now in the war zone, she required both a Frenc British visa for her Dutch passport. The Fr visa was immediately forthcoming but the B one was withheld, no apparent reason b given, but it does appear possible that the B Secret Service, as early as this, had suspic about her unlike the French. Thus she h travel by sea to Spain and via Madrid to P Once there, although apparently not dancing had numerous lovers despite being nearly f One, a general, was reduced to a cond *comme un sous lieutenant*, according to authority, and the many others include Russian captain, Vadim Maslov, a 25-year whom Mata Hari would later claim she l best of all. By most accounts Captain Maslo wounded and recovering in a hospital in V where Mata Hari had spent a relaxing few w taking the water some five years earlier. asked one of her numerous lovers, a Fr cavalry captain named Jean Hallaure, if he c get her permission to go to Vittel (which w a restricted war zone) so that she could nurs Russian officer back to health. Hallaure have had British connections, and there i suggestion that he purposefully put her in t with the Deuxième Bureau — the equivale Special Branch at Scotland Yard. She was t report to 282 Boulevard St Germain, and t met Captain Ladoux who, was entranced b presence, entering his office as she did i immaculate grey suit, crowned by a m bending straw hat with a single ostrich feat Mata Hari was sure of herself: *Que voulez-v de moi?* she enquired and Ladoux wa impressed with her performance that he al believed that British stories about her bei German agent were untrue. But what he did to recruit her for the French Secret Service gave her permission to visit Vittel where spent some time with her lover, Maslov but that he wanted her to go to Spain. This she d early November, 1916, entering at Irun and going by train to Madrid. Told to move o Holland, she took a trip from Vigo on the *Hollandia* bound for Rotterdam calling Falmouth on the way. There she was prom arrested by British security officers transported by rail to London. She interviewed there by an Assistant Commissi at Scotland Yard, Mr (later Sir) Basil Thom who like everybody else went on record as b impressed by her dress, general appearance demeanour. He clearly suspected her of bei German spy but had no proof. When she hers divining his suspicions, candidly announced she was, a spy, 'but not as you think for

turn to page

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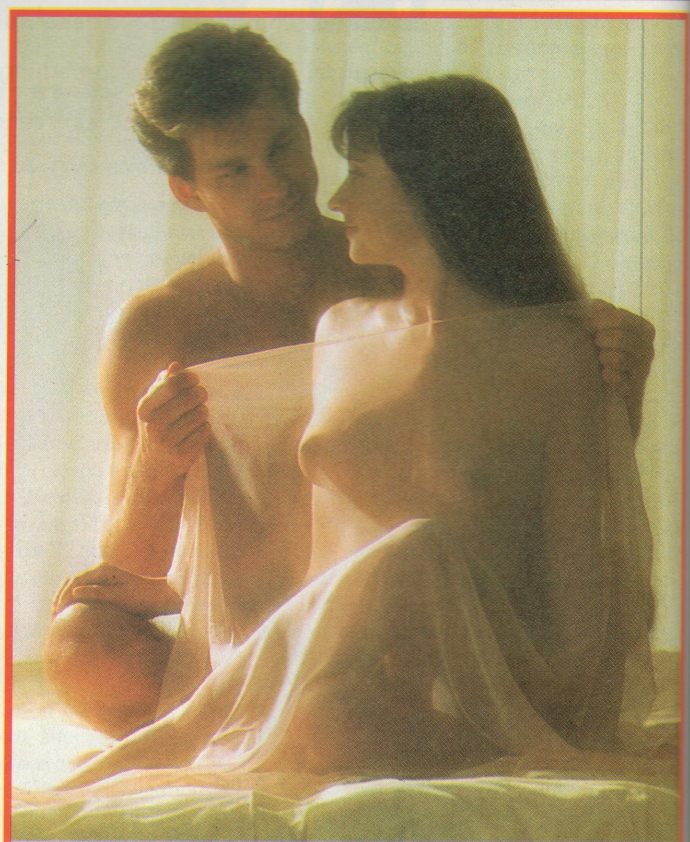

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GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

To celebrate his 80th birthday, Old Jack went down the local pub to mark the long-awaited event.
While sitting in the snug he spotted a stunning blonde of about 18-years-old. Emboldened by the half pint of stout he had consumed, the plucky octogenerian chatted up the flighty young piece. She, slightly drunk and feeling sorry for the old man, agreed to go back to his place for a quick one.
Five days after the unexpected event, the old man noticed a slight drip at the end of his member and made an appointment with his doctor.
'Have you had sex recently?' the medical man asked after examining him.
'I have,' the old man replied proudly.
'Do you remember who the woman was and where she lives?'
'Well, of course I do.'
'Then you better get over there right away,' the doctor advised, 'I think you're about to come.'

Definition of a mistress: something between a mister and a mattress.

One scorching day down by the rocks
An angler stripped down to his socks,
But a passing mermaid
Was sadly dismayed
At the size of his small tackle box

A young lad was on a promise after meeting an elegant young miss at the local discotheque.
'Come round next Sunday,' said the girl enticingly, 'My parents go to church and we can have the house to ourselves all afternoon. But don't forget to bring some condoms.
The lad duly turned up and the girl introduced him to her parents. Not long after the father turned to the lad, and said they were off to church.
'I'll come with you,' said the lad, much to the chagrin of the waiting girl.
As he was leaving, the girl asked: 'Just how long have you been religious?'
The shaken lad replied: 'Just how long has your Dad been a chemist?'

Jacques, the greatest swimmer in all of France was taking part in a race down the Seine, cheered on by a small number of devoted fans.
As he set off, the twins Bridget and Danielle stood waving to him on the bank in their tantalising short mini-skirts.
'For you, Jacques, if you win the race!' they shouted after him.
The bold swimmer felt a slight stirring in his trunks as he headed for Paris, and masterfully gained the lead.
A mile or so along the route, Claire bobbed seductively in a small rowing boat, baring her proud breasts to the rugged swimmer.
'For you, Jacques, if you win the race,' she called after him.
The slight stirring continued to grow until water resistance began to build up around it.
About seven miles on a bevy of buxom naked beauties shouted to him from the deck of a small cabin cruiser: 'All for you Jacques, if you win the race!'
By now the water resistance was so great that Jacues began to lose the lead as first one, then another swimmer overtook him. The great man struggled valiantly but the drag from his underwater bulge proved too much for him, and he finished almost last.
Pierre, standing by the finish, ran to comfort his friend, and Jacques despondently explained his problem.
Still puzzled, Pierre asked: 'Jacques, why didn't you use your famous back stroke?'
'Ah, Pierre, remember the bridge, remember the bridge. . .'

Did you hear about the girl who wrote to the Agony Aunt on a well-known woman's magazine?
'Dear Auntie,' she wrote, 'I love my boyfriend dearly, but every time I arrive on a date he looks so badly shaven. What should I do?'
The magazine advised: 'Try arriving on time.'

What did the bedraggled doe say when she staggered out of the woods?
'I'll never do that again for two bucks.'

The tattooist was slightly taken aback by his latest customer's bizarre request to have a £50 note tattooed on his member.
'I reckon I've tattooed most everything on to most everything,' said the bemused tattoo artist, 'but this is the first time I've been called on to recreate currency on a prick.'
'Yeah? Well if you knew how my wife can blow fifty quid. . .'

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Mata Hari: The Sexiest Spy

continued from page 62

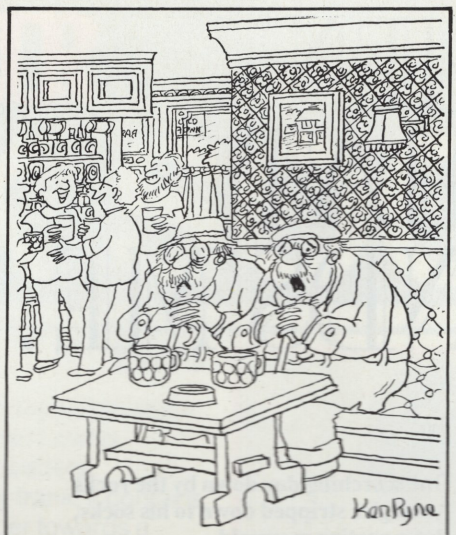
Germans, but for one of your allies — the French,' he had little option but to allow her to leave. After all she was travelling on her own passport. It seems probable that Thomson and Ladoux (his opposite number perhaps at the Deuxième Bureau) agreed that she should be returned to Spain, which was done.

Back in Madrid in December, 1916, Mata Hari lost no time in going to work and, in quick succession, became the mistress of the German Military Attaché (Major Kalle) and the French Military Attaché (Colonel Denvignes) at their respective embassies in the Spanish capital. What secrets she obtained and passed on from Major Kalle to Colonel Denvignes — and thence to Captain Ladoux — no one has ever revealed, but in January, 1917, she left Madrid, returning to Paris by train. By now back in funds, she put up at sumptuous *Elysée Palace Hotel* where she held court for a few weeks with old friends and lovers until, abruptly, on February 13, 1917 she was arrested by French police, headed by Commissaire Albert Priolet. He, according to a durable myth, was astounded to be greeted by his victim, lying stark naked on her bed with the completely unconcerned words: 'To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, Monsieur?'

That is probably all fantasy and part of the Mata Hari legend, but it does seem that Captain Ladoux had convinced himself that Mata Hari was a double agent, working for the interests of Berlin rather than Paris. She had, indeed, passed back information about German submarine movements in the Mediterranean and this, by all accounts, had resulted in the sinking of two German U-boats off the coast of Morocco. But if the Germans were playing a deep game, what was the loss of a couple of submarines compared with the super spy who had now gained the confidence of the Deuxième Bureau? His suspicions were further aroused by interception of signals between German sources in Madrid and Berlin via the French monitoring service on the Eiffel Tower. French agents in the Spanish resort of San Sebastian, a local hotbed of espionage activity, had obtained a copy of the German code, and thus two transmissions were accurately recorded by French Intelligence. The first, from Madrid read: 'Agent H 21 has arrived in Madrid. Has got herself placed in the French Service, but taken off by British cruiser and sent back; demands instructions and money.' The reply was succinct: 'Good pre-war agent. We have given her nothing since the war. Nevertheless let her have 15,000 pesetas.'

And so to the trial. It was held at the Palais de Justice, commencing July 24, 1917. It was not a normal trial in the sense of judge and jury; it was called the *Troisième Conseil de Guerre*, and near enough equivalent to a Military Court Martial. The 'Judges' were a group of officers, seven of them chosen by the Military Govenor of Paris under the Presidency of Lt Col Albert-Ernest Semprou, a senior officer of the *Garde Republicaine*. But, as in any normal Court of Law there were prosecuting and defending counsels — a Lieutenant Mornet for the Military and an old friend of Mata Hari's for the defence, 74-year-old Maître Clunet, wearing a medal he had won in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and hardly up to the job he had taken on.

Even before the trial, under constant grilling by a French Intelligence officer, Captain Bouchardon, Mata Hari had confessed that she had contact with the German Consul in



'You know what I miss most? Fancying older woman.'

Amsterdam, Herr Krämer, who offered her 20,000 francs if she would pass on to him information in invisible ink — which he supplied. 'You will have to correspond with us in invisible ink' he told her 'which no one else but us can read and sign yourself H 21.' Mata Hari told Bouchardon that she pocketed the 20,000 francs and threw the bottles of invisible ink into the local canal, never contacting the Consul again.

Mata Hari appeared before her Tribunal as composed and elegant as ever. She wore a blue dress with a startling *decolleté* and tricone hat which gave her a vaguely military air. She was completely relaxed during the initial questions by Lieutenant Mornet, most of which related to large sums of money passed over to her from German sources. These, she replied, all came from her lovers — people like Herr Von Jago in Berlin — and were payments for services rendered in the bedroom and not in the office. She even acknowledged the code-name, H 21, saying that it was a private sign between herself and one of her German lovers so that, in her own words, 'he could correspond with me — he could use official methods if ordinary ones failed in wartime. Further he could use official money to pay me.' But it was when Mornet turned to the use of the diplomatic bag between Madrid and Amsterdam that Mata Hari first faltered and 'went pale', to use the expression of a witness at the trial. The exchange ran as follows, Mornet speaking first:

'You sent letters through the diplomatic bag of a neutral country?'

'To my daughter in Holland, yes.'

'And to the Chief of the German Secret Service in Amsterdam?'

'I have told you — he was one of my lovers. It was not my fault that he became a chief of espionage, was it? . . . I told him nothing.'

'We have proof that you did!'

Despite the fact that this 'proof' never seems to have been produced in court, Mata Hari, for the first time, was visibly shaken, stammering her replies, and appealing to the military judges to be gallant, to be gentlemen, to be French officers. Mornet's summing up was deadly. Maître Clunet's final speech for the defence was long, rambling and clearly inept. After only two sittings, the judges retired for a brief period and returned a unanimous verdict of 'Guilty' on all counts. The sentence was death by shooting.

Clearly this came as a considerable shock to bo the defendant and her counsel, neither of who had expected anything more than a short pris sentence, if that.

'C'est impossible!' breathed Mata Hari, a repeated the phrase aghast as the message sa in. Maître Clunet, for his part, burst into tear There were appeals even to the Presid himself, but unavailing.

At the end, Mata Hari was her composed se again. She shared a cell in St Lazare Prison wi two 'trusty' women prisoners. Then in the ear hours of Monday October 15, 1917, she w awoken by an elderly nun, Sister Leonida, wh had been looking after prisoners at St Lazare f fifty years, and Dr Bizard, the medical ma assigned to her case. Quite calmly, she dress in front of Dr Bizard, and when the nun hint that she was showing too much leg pulling on h stockings, Mata replied with sad irony, 'it's n the time to bother about that sort of thing.'

Her final outfit was as smart as ever, accordin to the author Fitzroy Maclean, wearing 'a bl tailor-made dress, trimmed with white, with long jacket, a straw boater with a veil, gloves a a smart pair of shoes.' Mata Hari was transport by car from St Lazare Prison to the Chateau Vincennes and taken round to a piece of rou gound, normally used for cavalry exercises. was dawn when she was led to the stak confronting 12 *Zouaves* — French Algeria black troops, steel-helmeted and greatcoate She rejected the customary blindfold, a refused to be tied to the stake. All the officer charge could do was to drape the rope loos round her waist. When the order to fire cam twelve shots ran out and a thirteenth was add when an orderly administered the *coup de gra* with a revolver bullet through the ear. Nobo claimed the body — not one of her many love It was loaded into a cheap deal box a transported to one of the Paris hospitals were h corpse might be of some use to medical stude for their dissection lectures.

But how should we sum up this brief life of Ma Hari, courtesan, dancer and spy? As courtesa no one can deny her the ultimate accolade there can be no question that she was high successful in this area, with countless lovers w showered her with money, gifts, even villas Neuilly or The Hague. Even as a dancer she rat well because she moved on from her phon 'Indian' dancing to a genuine classical ballet in her performance in Milan: But as a spy? Ea biographers who had lived through the traum of the First World War seem to have decided th she was a classic double-dealer and deserve everything she got. But more recent authoritie feel that she was a victim of the system, obtainin in France in 1917 (when everything was goin wrong) reverses on the Western Front, troop mutinying and so on. A study of the trial, f instance, produces no evidence whatsoever th Mata Hari passed over to the Germans a military information of significance — indeed any *normal* Court of Law, 'reasonable doub would have persuaded any Judge to direct th Jury to find the defendant 'Not Guilty' or, at th maximum to suggest a small prison sentence.

But Mata Hari goes into legend, and was playe on the screen by the equally legendary Gre Garbo. In life, she wove around herself an aur of romance and intrigue. In truth, she may n have been a spy at all, or at best a minor a unsuccessful one. But to the world, to this da she is still the most famous and fatally attracti spy of all time. She would have liked that . . .

KIRSTEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

Though born a Sassenach in Kensington, South West London, 22-year-old Kirsten Stewart is now an honorary Scot by dint of her 21 years of residence in the tartan territories. Her United Kingdom roots are spread still wider with Welsh ancestry on her mother's side. With all this varied background, though, her distinctive Scottish lilt remains dominant. This 36D-24-34 glamour girl from the glens is definitely a convert to all things Scottish and, in particular, the hairy Highland men whom she adores.

'Scottish men are the sexiest in the world,' she declares unequivocably. Scottish men have, understandably, returned the compliment and elected the Edinburgh-based not-so-wee lassie as one of the 'Flowers of Scotland' in a recent contest in the Scottish paper, the *Daily Record*. Although she didn't win, an eagle-eyed photographer singled her out, and her glamour modelling career was launched, resulting in this her debut.

Kirsten, a self-confessed tomboy, who loves motor-cross and bikes, left Edinburgh's Liberton High School at the age of 16, armed with five 'O' levels. She drifted into secretarial work, before realising her potential as a model. Her love of all things Scottish continues on the music front with her favourite bands being Scot rockers *Simple Minds* and *Big Country*. She can often be found bopping away to them in the local nightclubs. Obviously she's a young lady with reel potential.

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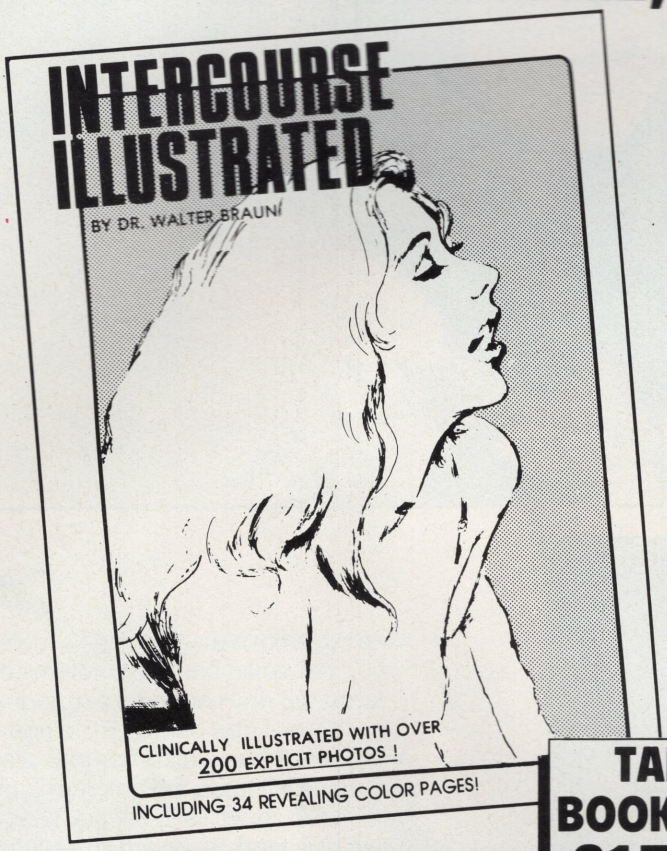

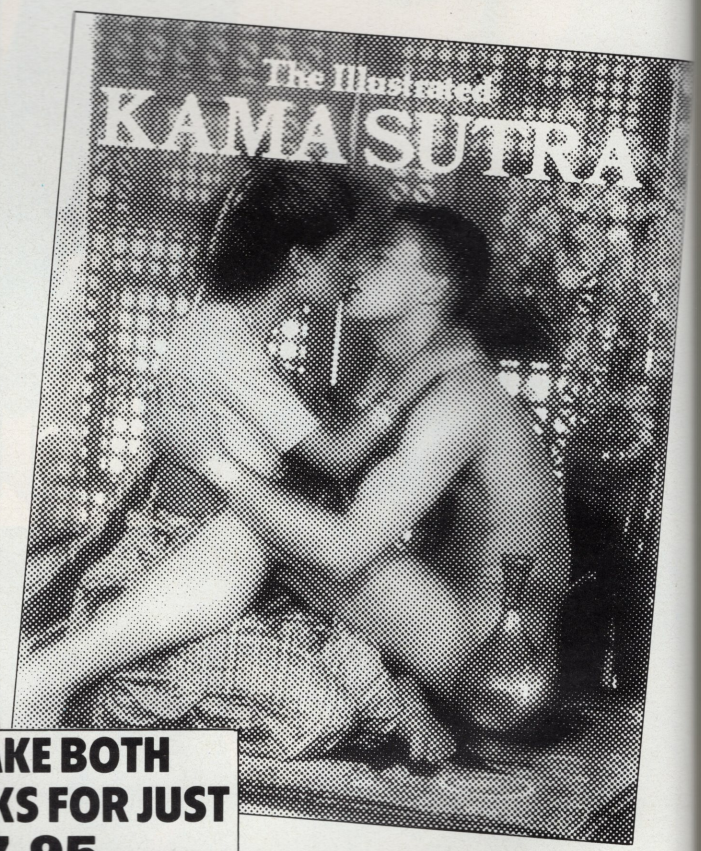

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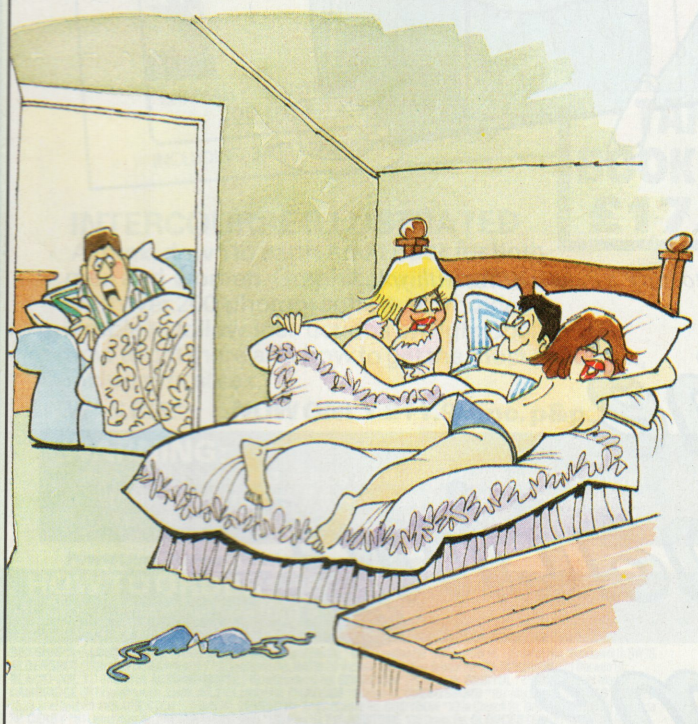

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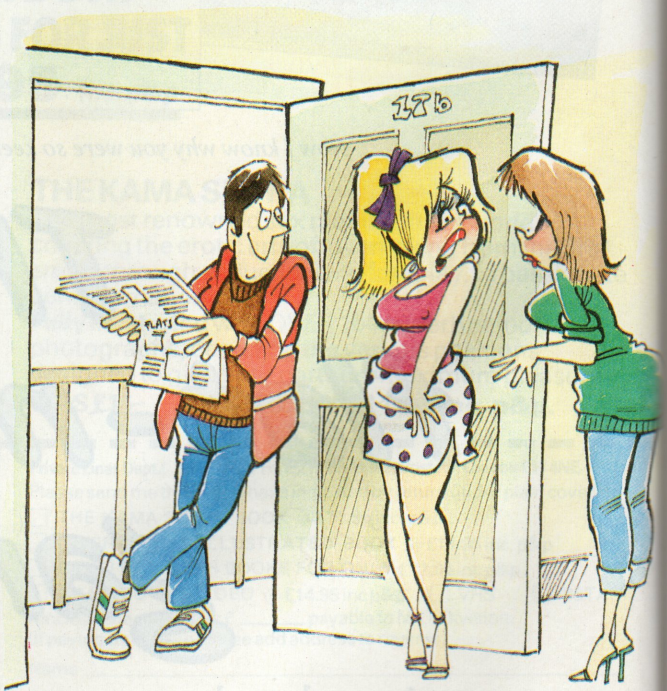

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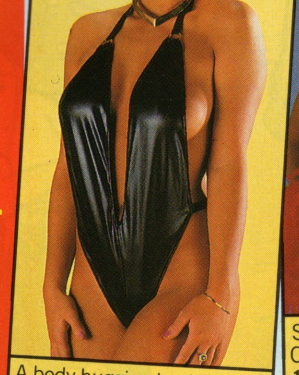

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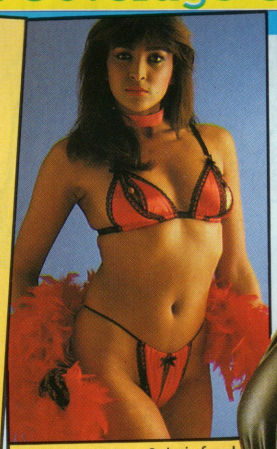

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Through a Glass Starkly

continued from page 40

to the motel. He couldn't bear the thought of her being used for sex.

Despite her husband's apparent disinterest in her, she remained faithful, until driven to distraction by the attentions of a painter contracted to give the motel its long overdue facelift.

He was a real hunk was Peter the painter. He was a lot of other things too, like complimentary about her appearance and attentive to her needs. It was a whole new experience for a woman who had grown used to being taken for granted.

Her will to resist his advances soon evaporated, and his determination to have her was matched by her own resolve to let him. It was going to be a thoroughly enjoyable way of getting back at her inattentive husband.

George had been down to the club on the day that the inevitable happened. Betty had done all the usual chores that followed breakfast and the departure of most of the motel's guests. Keen to get to the shops she somehow 'forgot' that Peter was working in the bedroom of their apartment. At least she expressed surprise on finding him there.

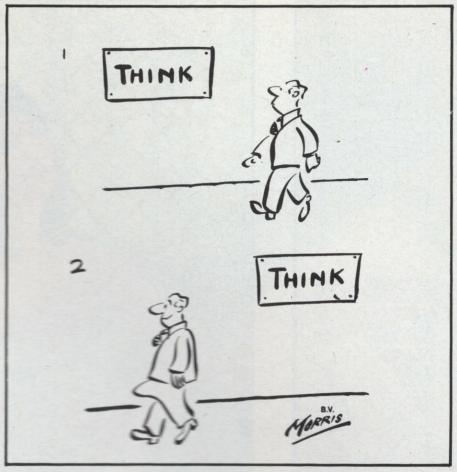
'I was going to change,' she said. 'I've got to get to the shops before lunch.'

'Don't mind me,' he said cheekily. 'Just carry on as if I'm not here.'

'Oh, sure,' she replied lightly, 'that would look great if George came back early to find me undressed, and you in here.'

Betty's mind raced. She was in an agony of indecision. It had been such a long time.

'Come on!' Peter said with a catch in his throat, hardly able to believe his luck at the turn the



conversation was taking. 'He left just ten minutes ago. It will be ages before he's back, I promise not to look,' he lied.

'Well . . . I'll have to be quick . . . and you keep your eyes on what you're doing.'

Reaching into the wardrobe she selected a dress and carefully spread it out on the bed. 'Keep your eyes on your work now,' she repeated as she pulled the sweater over her head and draped it over a chair.

Peter paid little attention to her words and kept her in view as she unfastened her denims before tugging them down her ample thighs. Betty's legs were bare, and the panties she was wearing almost came down with the denims as she pulled them off. 'I told you not to look,' she scolded as she recovered the situation. Her breasts bounced and quivered in a bra that owed more to fashion than practicality.

'You're fantastic,' Peter murmured appreciatively as, ignoring her words, he gazed at her.

'It's nice of you to say so, I'm sure,' George's wife said firmly. She seemed a little distracted as she held the dress she had chosen to the light before pulling it on. 'Will you zip me up?'

'Okay, but reluctantly,' Peter sighed as he saw paradise disappear into the dress.

'Why do you say that?'

'Because I don't think this dress does your figure justice. You've got great breasts, but look at how this dress flattens and hides them.'

'You really think so? You think I should try something else on?'

Peter nodded as he yanked the zip back down, and helped her to step out of the dress, before pressing his lips to the nape of her neck.

'Oh, Peter. Really! What if George . . . Oh, please, don't'.

It had been a long time since she had felt so hot for someone; never for George. She had married the motel really. Betty felt herself colour as Peter, holding her tightly from behind, tugged her brassiere upwards until her breasts bounced free. Despite her fear that George might return early she was unable to resist as she felt her panties being tugged midway down her thighs. She felt utterly vulnerable with her bare boobs pressed into the painter's lap, and could feel, through the overalls, his own state of excitement. She whimpered in anticipation as he bent her forward whilst at the same time tugging his erection free.

His fingers searched and found her responsive moist cleft. Betty squirmed involuntarily as he probed. Her whimper descended into a sob until it became a long cry that rose and fell in her

turn to page 87

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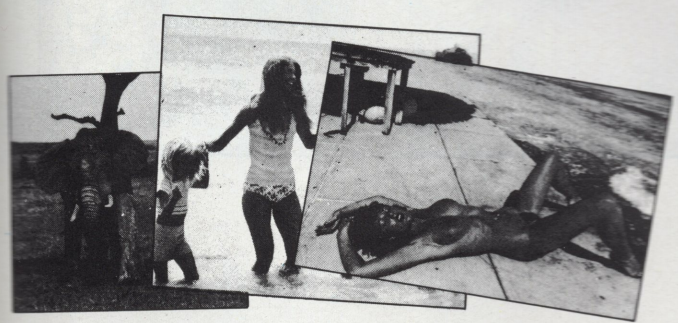

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A 'good day sport' to this Melbourne minx is likely to be spent spear-fishing, off Sandringham beach. 'It's like a world of its own down there,' she says, 'once you get your sub-aqua gear on.' Her other sporting passion is Carlton football club, who sadly aren't doing so well at the moment. 'I still go and cheer the old Blue and Whites though,' she says loyally, supporting the down-under dog, like any true Australian.

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Through a Glass Starkly

continued from page 79

throat. His fingers played with her, taunting her. 'Oh, we shouldn't be doing this . . . Oh! Please! Peter!' she whispered as reaching behind, she touched his swollen member. As he positioned himself for the thrust into her. Betty made one last token of resistance by pulling forward a little. As he pulled her back on to him and slipped it up inside her the resistance melted away. She felt as though she was slowly but deliciously being separated up the middle as, using her hips as handles, he slammed into her.

The painting of the motel took longer than expected . . .

* * *

As the weeks went on, Betty's contentment grew. Peter now seemed a permanent fixture in the motel. He was leaning against the breakfast bar nursing a mug of coffee Betty had made for him when George bustled in. 'Hi, honey. Everthing is quiet at the moment. I'm off to the cash and carry now.'

'Any bookings?'

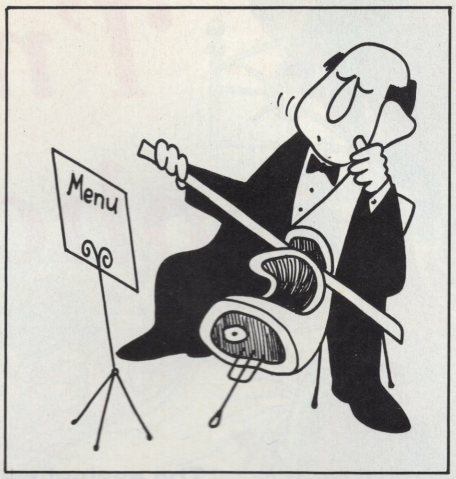
'Yes, a re-booking in Room Seven. A young couple are expected; just some of our regulars, name of Wright. They should be here soon.'

Before the motel keeper had reached his car, Betty was in Peter's arms pressing her belly against the now familiar hardness. 'For God's sake,' she whispered. 'At least wait until the car drives off . . . and we can't do it here.'

'Where then?'

The painter's question was interrupted by the insistent trilling of the telephone. He bit his bottom lip with frustration as Betty picked the receiver up.

'Oh, I'm sorry,' George's wife said



sympathetically. 'I hope she gets over it soon. What did you say the name was? Wright! Okay, well thank you for ringing and letting me know.'

'What was that all about?' Peter asked.

'It means,' Betty said softly as she snuggled against him. 'That we have two hours to kill, and because that was the Wrights' cancelling their booking, it means that we can use the best room.'

'Now?'

'Of course. You go on up and I'll get the drinks.'

With pleasurable anticipation Peter watched his erection grow to a size that drew an exclamation of awe from Betty as she walked in with the drinks.

'I hope you're not expecting me to sit on that.' she murmured with feigned apprehension as she set the drinks down. 'Is it real?'

'You damned well know it is,' he sighed proudly. 'Feel it if you don't believe your eyes.'

With a light laugh she curled her fingers around the painter's impressive girth. 'I still don't believe it,' she said.

'Then taste it,' he ordered, and subsided into a sigh as, eager to please, she leaned over and covered his erection with her lips and began to suck. Beside himself with desire, he slipped his hand up her inside thigh, as she crouched beside him on the bed. Stroking upwards his fingers groped behind the gusset of her bikini briefs.

She uttered dirty words of encouragement, as he pulled her dress up. By the time he had tugged it tight around her bare waist she was astride him.

'Aren't you even going to take them off?' she whispered hoarsely climbing higher on the bed.

'There's no need,' he said as he pulled the thin strip of material aside. 'See?'

'Oh, dear! You're so right,' she agreed as she felt the enormous head part her lips.

Leaning forward until her hair tickled his face, she raised her bottom as though fearful of his size, and then throwing caution to the wind she sank on to it, gasping as he penetrated her.

'Hey, I like the mirror,' Peter grunted between thrusts. 'I can see all the action.'

'As long as George can't,' she sighed as she followed her lover's gaze to the mirror on the wall. Peering over her shoulder she watched fascinated as the painter's erection slipped further into her; her lower lips seeming to suck urgently at its thickness. 'He'd have a bloody heart attack if he could see what we can see.'

George smiled smugly to himself. Even if he did have to go out he wouldn't miss the fun. The Wrights wasted no time once they got into the room. It was worth losing the first half-hour of his three-hour tape to add another of their sessions to his collection. He'd left it running already.

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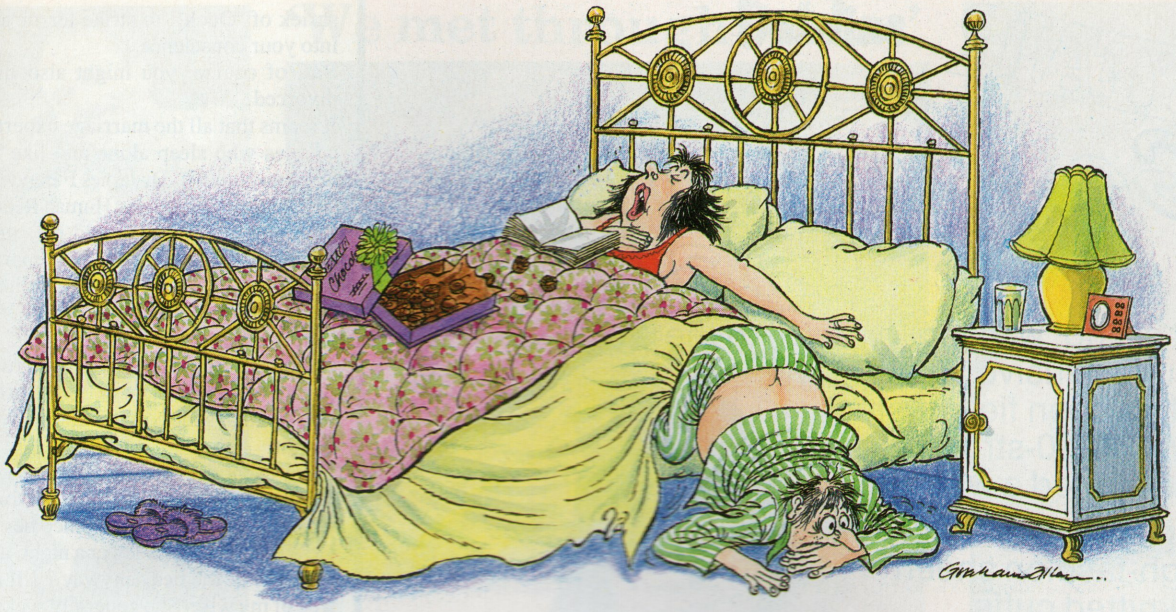

Sexual sanctuary or blanket battlefield? - the doubtful joys of the double bed

Sleeping with women is not all fun and frolic. There's also the small matter of fights for the sheets, night-time nagging, clashes of knees, and what to do with your redundant right arm

Humour by Jules Archer

It may occur to you some sleepless night, after one to nine years of connubial bliss, that you might continue more blissfully in twin beds instead of in the wrestling arena you now occupy. For one thing, there's the matter of that right arm. This is a superfluous limb which may have its place in the daylight hours, but which is sadly out of place in a double bed. I have often wondered what husbands do with their right arms after curfew. Most couples sleep tandem-style, with wives in the front seat. If a husband puts his right arm under his wife's neck, it gets numb. He has to drag it back, jerking her awake in the process, whereupon she kicks him in the shin with her heel. If he doubles the arm up between his chest and his wife's back, his own elbow digs into his ribs. If he twists the arm out behind him, he dislocates his shoulder. If someone wants to make a lot of money in a hurry, let him turn out a mattress and box-spring with matching holes through which harassed husbands can dangle their right arms to the floor.

The double bed has many other sordid features well known to husbands and wives who wake up with each other and grouch — or am I being redundant? Not the least of these is the peculiar tendency of blankets, spurred by freezing temperatures, to huddle to one side of the bed. The exposed partner, awakened by frost forming on the eyelashes, usually moans and makes a grab for the blankets. The other partner cosily asleep, holds them fast. This impasse has been known to end in a first-class battle with the blankets being ripped down the middle. Men and women are not at their best when asleep — together.

There is also the problem of the sleeping partner who shifts gears. Knees suddenly swing up or down, resulting in painful collisions. A shift from left to right, or back to front, cannot be accomplished suddenly in a double bed during the middle of the night, without somebody getting a poke in the nose. The position change of one partner generally forces a corresponding change in the other. Something's always got to give. One couple I know had trouble because *he* liked to sleep on his right and *she* on her left side, and they always ended up face-to-face. Both liked to bring their knees up, but there was room for only one pair between them. Most of their sleeping hours were consequently spent in unconscious but desperate manoeuvring for position. It finally occurred to them if they changed sides of the bed, they would end up happily back to back, with unbruised knees.

Some sociologists insist that the invention of the double bed marked the decline of chivalry. True or not, gallantry is unquestionably strained by the special problems of sleeping in twos. No husband likes to disturb his wife's rest — but what should he do about her outflung arm over his face? Or the leg crushing the small of his back like a girder? And what husband can resist the temptation on cold nights, to delay getting into bed until his wife has warmed the sheets?

Psycho-analysts would get faster results if they threw out their leather couches and installed double beds. Nothing brings out the Freudian side of a husband or wife like joint occupancy of a mattress. The husband who is a gentle, considerate soul under daylight turns out to be a suppressed sadist whom dawn finds in possession of nine-tenths of the bed, with his wife clinging desperately to the bed-rails to avoid being dumped on the carpet. The wife who fetches her husband's slippers when he comes home from work is equally apt to have the nasty wee-hour habit of snatching the pillow out from under his head.

It would be less than fair, however, if we did not credit the double bed with helping to stabilize marriage by rapidly stripping it of romantic illusions. Husbands learn to love wives who scar them with toenails, breathe down their necks, and cast locks of hair between their teeth. Wives learn to love husbands who snore in their ears, touch them with icy fingers, and batter them as they whirl around in their sleep. How can any married couple get an education like that in twin beds?

Still having been educated, it may now occur to you that enough is enough. Certain obvious aspects of twin beds seem to have a decided attraction. Instead of having to kiss your married partner good night, you just lean half-way across the room and shake hands. If your married partner gets loquacious just as you're feeling groggy, he or she will have to shout 'Yoo-hoo' across a chasm of darkness to get you to listen. And if you answer with a snore, no angry elbow can prod you to attention. You can read, play solitaire or practise Boy Scout knots until 4 am if you like, with no squawk from your distant mate. You can get in and out of bed during the night, if you have to, without wiggling out from under a tonnage of dead-weight limbs. You can bend, curl, twist, turn, sprawl, expand, contract, and flop around to your heart's content with no

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shriek of 'Ouch!' to strike terror and remo into your conscience.

But, of course, you might also find your divorced.

It seems that all the marriage experts insist t couples who sleep alone and like it soon l alone and lump it. Dr James F Bender directo the National Institute for Human Relations ma no bones about it. He told me, most cou would do well to begin their married life sleeping in a double bed and continuing to d until death does them part, save in period illness or sustained insomnia. Of course, wedding bed should be of generous width permit free movement of both partners.'

Any bed *that* wide could double as a motor ra circuit.

In any event, Dr Bender believes that 'the hap married wife soon learns to be content wit smaller share of the bed, since her moveme are about 30 per cent fewer a night, and she se the edge of the bed, anyway.' I'll admit tha true of my wife. She generally seeks the edg which she's got me cornered. As for movements being 30 per cent fewer than we p suffering males, Dr Bender neglects to note t what they lack in quantity they make up quality.

'In my experience' he added further, 'talk with married couples about their vari problems, I find that most are better able to re at nights in a double bed. There are individ differences, of course, but that is true of majority of couples. The chief reasons why t is so I believe to be the excellent sense of secur that is developed by sleeping in the same bed w one's mate.'

Unquestionably it's a lot more secure t sleeping in the same bed with someone els mate. But I find it difficult to swallow Bender's theory that the average couple rea relax in a double bed. I would call it more of armed truce, with each side ready to coun attack at the first sign of invasion or bli Husbands have been known to go quietly m waiting to fend off their wives' first viol quiver as she begins to slip into sleep. If this s of thing develops an 'excellent sense of secur we need more earthquakes.

I asked Dr Bender to cut through the mellifluo generalities and give the specific virtues attributes to the double bed. First of all, replied, it helps to establish 'wholesome sex adjustments'. Secondly, 'it encourag regularity of time of retiring.' That it m certainly does. My wife and I regularly re about 10.30 pm. And we're regularly asleep about 3.30 am.

Thirdly, Dr Bender asserts 'it nutures t speaking of confidences and the sharing doubts and worries before going to sleep. repeat — we retire at 10.30 and get to sleep abo 3.30. What husband, trapped in a double bed a pinned to wakefulness by the yakkety yak of h wife's fireside chat, has not reflected wistfu upon the amazing good fortune of Rip V Winkle?

The fourth virtue of the double bed according Dr Bender, is that 'it discourages going to sle upon a grudge, and makes it easier to foll through on the impulse to say, "I am sorry That's quite true. I average about three apolog a bedtime. Our double bed affects me w remorse for being wrong, for being right, and i just being. It affects my wife with remorse, to She should have married Sidney Jones instead me.

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SE-GXO

AMY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO

Amidst the buzzing roar of a vintage Tiger Moth preparing to take off, you won't find a happier girl than 24-year old Amy Bishop — because she's the person flying the famous de Havilland aircraft. 'Yes that's me in the goggles and leathers,' Amy laughs. 'I've always wanted to learn to fly ever since I saw my first aircraft at the age of eight. I remember sitting on my father's shoulders at an airshow absolutely enthralled by all the brightly coloured aircraft,' recalls this 34-24-34 inch research assistant from Plymouth. She hopes to complete her training by the end of the year, and eventually become an instructor. 'I've got a long way to go yet, but I believe if you want something bad enough, you should go for it,' adds the avid aviator with an excited grin, as she poses by the plane she has often piloted herself.

Like every good pilot, Amy knows a
about her plane, 'They were originall
used by the RAF in the 30's as training
aircraft, and have a 120 horse-powe
engine,' she chips in. 'I hope I'm no
boring your readers, but I'm a rea
aircraft addict. Once you start me of
there's no stopping me I'm afraid.'

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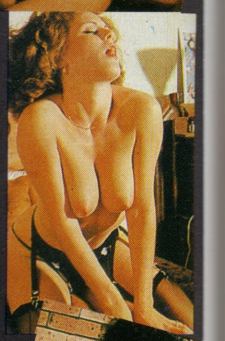

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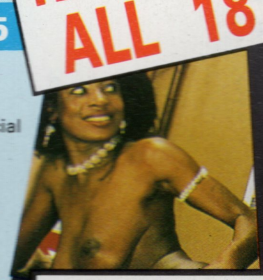

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THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

QUEST

To most people jealousy is a profoundly disturbing emotion, but to some its pains, and its potential for disaster, can sometimes bring a piquancy and an eroticism to intimate relationships that is otherwise lacking. Quest talks to a man and two women whose sex lives have been enriched by such an experience.

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: Why did you have an affair with your lodger?

Programmer: Because he happened to be there. That doesn't sound very complimentary towards Roy! He *was* attractive. But I did it to get at Terry.

Quest: Why?

Programmer: Basically because he got promoted at work, and the job went to his head. I never saw him. Our love life was virtually non-existent. He was either out, or fast asleep. His excuse was that we needed the extra money he was making for the mortgage, and to get married one day. But we'd been living together for a year, and we'd already rented the back bedroom to Roy to ease the mortgage. After being with Terry since I was 19, I didn't know him any more. I still loved him, though, or I thought I did.

Quest: But your plan to make him jealous backfired, didn't it?

Programmer: It worked too well. It perked up our sex life no end, but not in the way I wanted. I suppose, if I'd thought about it, all the clues were there early on.

Quest: In what way?

Programmer: Just a story Terry told me once, which I never forgot, because it didn't seem like him at all. He'd been at a party with a woman he knew from work — a girl in her early thirties, a bit blowsy, but quite attractive — and this woman's husband. Apparently the woman had been flirting with two or three men. The husband obviously hadn't liked this, and there'd almost been a punch-up. Then, quite late, Terry had gone looking for a spare loo, and walked into a darkened bedroom by mistake. There'd been a couple against the wall, moaning and groaning, having it off. Not undressed — the girl had just lifted up her dress, and dropped her knickers. Her boyfriend had just dropped his pants, and was pumping away between the girl's legs. But

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 28 years
Town of Origin. . . . York
Other details. . . . This brunette interviewee married last year and works as a freelance computer programmer.

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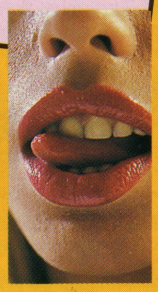

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QUEST

they'd both looked up at the light, and Terry recognised the woman from work, and one of the fellows she'd been flirting with downstairs. But, on the other side of the bedroom, he'd also seen the woman's husband, standing there, with his hand gripping his whatsit, which was sticking out of his trousers. Obviously playing the peeping Tom with his own wife, and masturbating.

Quest: That situation aroused Terry?

Programmer: It obviously fascinated him. I just found it disgusting. I said someone couldn't be madly jealous one minute, and completely opposite the next. He said, 'I can see how it might be an enormous turn-on.' Then we left it.

Quest: How did you get involved with Roy?

Programmer: Quite gradually. He was with us six months before anything happened. But I saw much more of him than I did of Terry. Roy had just moved down from Leeds to a new job. He didn't really know anyone in the area. He was a very nice bloke, two years younger than me, very athletic — always jogging, or weight-training. Every day I seemed to be bumping into him in shorts. He had a lovely body. Actually, we mainly taked about sex!

Quest: In what way?

Programmer: Roy was always complaining he couldn't find a regular girlfriend, but he seemed to be pretty successful to me. He wasn't macho about it, which I liked. We'd talk about the girls he went out with, what he liked about them, whether he was doing the right thing. Then I'd say, 'Well, perhaps you ought to just make a pass at her, and see what happens?' And he'd just mention, 'Oh we've been to bed together. We did that the first night —' As if it were only a detail, which flabbergasted me!

Quest: Did *you* want to sample Roy's charms then?

Programmer: I was curious, but it was one incident which started us off. It sounds petty, but it was the final straw. Terry had planned a treat for the anniversary of our first date, but then he rang from the office to say he'd be half an hour late. An hour later he rang again to say it would be another hour. By half nine I'd had enough. Roy was home, so I suggested a drink. We went to a local wine bar I'd always fancied, drank about a bottle each and came back about half eleven, both very merry. Terry *still* hadn't got home. I was very aware of Roy — perhaps because it was the first time we'd actually been out alone together. But we said goodnight. Roy went to his room. I went into the bathroom, and had a shower. As I got out, I managed to knock a chair over, and make an awful crash. Roy started banging on the door, thinking I'd broken my neck. So I opened it to show him I was alright. He was in his jockey shorts, and he looked gorgeous.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Programmer: A towel! But I was so touched that Roy was worried about me — I couldn't remember when Terry had even asked me how I was. I thanked Roy, and went to move past him, and we sort of collided. And we were kissing. It just happened, and it felt fantastic. Then we came up for air, and I was starting to think I must be sensible, when, of course, my towel fell open. Roy looked down, and whispered, 'Oh Susan (name changed) —' Then his hands came up my rib cage, and sort of scooped my bare boobs, and his thumbs rubbed over my nipples, which were completely stiff by then.

Quest: Did you intend to have intercourse?

Programmer: When I felt how big he was getting in his shorts, I didn't think I'd be able to stop him. We actually started to sink down on the bedroom carpet. Then I woke up a bit, and realised that really wasn't going to be very comfortable, so I grabbed his hand, and led him into his room. It must have looked quite funny.

Quest: Why?

Programmer: His erection was sticking out of his shorts. It looked gigantic, actually. I almost said, 'I ought to be leading you by that,' but I didn't. Then we were kissing again beside his bed, and dropping down onto it, and Roy got on top of me, and we were doing it.

Quest: Enjoyably?

Programmer: That first time was quite short and sweet. I just wanted him inside me. And I think he was even more eager than I was. Afterwards, of course, it began to dawn on me that I'd just been unfaithful to Terry.

Quest: What did you do?

Programmer: We talked. Roy said he'd fancied me for ages, but he'd understand if I wanted to pretend nothing had happened. I said that was impossible. By then, Roy was getting hard again. We started stroking each other, and kissing, and then we made love again.

Quest: In the same position?

> **'My towel fell open. Roy looked down. Then his hands came up my ribs, and scooped my bare boobs'**

Programmer: No. Roy started to slide between my legs, but I made him lie back, and got on top of him. I prefer it like that when I know my partner isn't going to shoot off instantly; there's much more control. So I sat on his erection, and began easing myself up and down on it, as Roy stroked my boobs. That's when I heard Terry come in.

Quest: You didn't stop?

Programmer: My heart nearly did, but Roy obviously hadn't heard the front door, so I just kept going. At first I just wanted to finish, but as I got closer to my climax, I started not to care — I felt wicked — I *wanted* Terry to know. Then the bedroom light clicked on next door, and Roy realised and looked panic-stricken. But I was bouncing up and down on him, pressing his hands over my breasts, and he was very close to coming, too, so I just shook my head. And then we were both coming, and I was panting, 'Roy — Roy —!', gasping as I felt him jerk inside me, then collasping on him because I didn't have the energy left to stay upright.

Quest: Presumably Terry overhead all this?

Programmer: I know he did, but he didn't do anything. I waited with Roy until he dozed off, then I crept next door. It was dark, and Terry was asleep. But, as I slipped into bed, I found a sticky handkerchief near my pillow.

Quest: Sticky with what?

Programmer: Guess? He'd been listening to me have sex with Roy, and playing with himself — just like the husband in his party story.

Quest: So how was the situation resolved?

Programmer: It wasn't. Terry said nothing. For a week Roy and I were on tenter-hooks. I even began to wonder if Terry *hadn't* heard us. Then, right out of the blue, he arrived home early, and took me out to dinner. He was so attentive. I felt so guilty I wanted to explain everything. But, when I started, Terry stopped me. 'It's alright.' he said. I thought he was just being kind. 'I know I haven't been all I should,' he said, 'but sometimes things work out for the best in the oddest ways. I know you and Roy are attracted to each other. I don't want you to feel bad about it. If you wanted to go to him — tonight, for instance — I honestly wouldn't stand in your way. In fact, if we're being sensible about it, we could even do a swap. Our bed'd be more comfortable. I wouldn'd mind the single.'

Quest: What was your reaction?

Programmer: 'Why not stay in the same room?' I snapped. 'After all, you can hardly wank very well when you're holding a glass to the wall! Why not watch me being fucked instead of just listening to it!' Then I stormed out — of the relationship, as well as the restaurant.

Quest: What about Roy?

Programmer: I saw him a couple of times after I'd moved out, but only as a friend. By then, I'd met the man I married. I don't actually blame Terry that much now. Our relationship had just run out of steam. We both tried different ways to revive it. I just hope my marriage won't need such kinky help in five years time!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male
Age . . . . 27 years
Town of Origin . . . . Leamington Spa
Other details . . . . This interviewee has an arts degree and now works as a copywriter in a London advertising agency. He married 18 months ago.

Quest: Why do you think jealousy was so important to Rosemary?

Copywriter: I've no idea. Sally reckons an affair isn't an affair for some women unless they feel

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they're suffering. I wish I'd known. I went through agonies myself.

Quest: But you didn't hesitate to go to bed with Rosemary even though you were engaged to Sally?

Copywriter: True, but I didn't see much opportunity for nookie *after* we were married. It only started as a fairly drunken one off.

Quest: How did it start?

Copywriter: Sally and I were invited out on a river boat trip one Sunday, organised by her firm — a kind of thank you for a very profitable year. It was actually a very good day, beautiful weather, lashings of booze, and I already knew most of the people Sally worked with. Rosemary was part of the same crowd. She was a director's secretary, a tall, slim blonde, very classy, probably in her late twenties, lively, *very* attractive. We got chatting, and seemed to hit it off extremely well. She had a great sense of humour. We spent so much time laughing I started to feel guilty about Sally.

Quest: She wasn't jealous?

Copywriter: No. In fact she surprised me by saying, 'Oh Ros is like that with everyone. It doesn't mean a thing. She's had a thing going with her boss for years.' So much for my instant rapport! I didn't see Rosemary again until just before we docked. She was sitting in a downstairs bar, looking distinctly peeky. She'd obviously had a bit too much to drink, and was embarrassed about it. Then Sally and the others turned up. There was talk about going to a pub, but Sally had promised to look in on her mother, which didn't appeal to me. So she told me to go on to the pub, and ring her at home later. We both still had our own flats, then. She took her car. I found myself helping Ros down the gangplank. Then she decided she couldn't drink any more, and ought to go home. So I volunteered to drive her in her own car.

Quest: With what motive?

Copywriter: I fancied her, but I didn't expect to go to bed with her. When we got to her flat, she invited me in for a coffee. She didn't look so peeky now, but she was giggling a lot, bumping into things, and apologising — we were both giggling. In the end *I* made the coffee, while she parked herself on the sofa. But when I got back from the kitchen, she'd dozed off, and looked as if she was about to fall off, too. I went to prop her up, and she woke, and apologised again, but said she had to lie down properly. So I half carried her into the bedroom, and we both tumbled onto the bed, laughing like drains. I was fascinated by the fact that such a sophisticated feminine woman could be so silly and giggly without worrying about it, and without being any less sexy. Then I was leaning over her, trying to get up, in fact, and she stopped laughing, and looked at me, and suddenly we were kissing.

Quest: And you had sex?

Copywriter: At first, I wasn't sure it wasn't just a spur-of-the-moment reaction. But the harder I kissed her, the harder she kissed back. When I pushed my tongue between her teeth, her mouth opened. When I moved my hand over her boob — she was wearing a thin, black dress — she gasped, and pushed herself against my palm. I could feel how stiff her nipple was through the material. That seemed clear enough to me. So I started to unhook her dress at the back, but had trouble with the catches. She giggled again, and did it for me. It was funny and a bit frantic, all at the same time — it didn't really seem as if I was doing anything dreadful. We got the dress over her head, and the straps of her slip down, and I started undoing her bra. Then she began reaching down, and tugging at her knickers, which made it obvious to me that she wasn't stopping at anything. So I unzipped, and yanked my trousers and pants down — she clutched at me to guide me — and I slid straight into her. She was very moist, lifting her legs up round my back, and gasping, 'Oh yes — *yes* — that feels so *good*!' Which was very gratifying.

Quest: Did she climax?

Copywriter: She seemed as breathless as I was when it was over. Then she told me about her affair with her boss. Apparently his wife was ill, and he couldn't leave her; everything had started to become a bit of a habit, including the sexual side. I presumed that was why I'd done so well. I told her Sally and I were thinking about buying a flat together, and probably getting married. I didn't sound wildly enthusiastic about it, simply because it didn't seem the right thing to do, lying in bed with a woman I'd just boffed! Perhaps she read more into it than I meant, I don't know. But, after a while, we both dozed off. When I woke, it was nearly eleven. I realised I hadn't phoned Sally. So I left Ros sleeping, and found a telephone in the lounge.

"I was on the phone to Sally. Then something slid between my bare legs. It was Ros's long fingers"

Quest: Presumably you lied to Sally?

Copywriter: I said I'd given the pub a miss, got a lift to my Tube line from Ros, and dozed off as soon as I got in. Sally, thank God, hadn't rung. Then she began talking about her mother. Behind me, I heard a shower start up in the bathroom. Five minutes later, the door opened, and Ros came in, all pink and damp, with a towel wrapped round her, tucked over her boobs. I just mouthed Sally's name at her, and she grinned and nodded. By this time Sally was analysing the boat trip. I was trying to get off the phone, without making it too obvious. Then, all of a sudden, I felt something slide between my legs, and tickle my balls. I gave such a yelp I had to tell Sally I'd dropped something on my foot. Then I saw Ros's long, red-nailed fingers, scooping my crotch.

Quest: Presumably you hadn't dressed again?

Copywriter: I was only wearing my shirt. Ros poked her head round my thigh, and grinned up at me. Then, still cupping me, she shuffled round in front of me on her knees, until she was directly in front, and I was looking down into her cleavage. She had surprisingly large boobs for such a slim figure, very nicely shaped. And she just began playing with me.

Quest: Your penis?

Copywriter: Running her red nails through my pubic hair, then lifting my cock and rolling it backwards and forwards along her fingers. Not that it rolled for very long. One jerk, and I was halfway up again. Then she looked up at me again, grinned and began stroking my gland, very, very gently with the tip of one finger. Meanwhile Sally was asking me what I thought of Ros! It was like an erotic nightmare, with me giving the blandest, briefest answers — which only made Sally think I was holding something back! Then, just as I became fully erect, Ros dipped her head, and sank her lips over the end of my cock. I couldn't even speak! All I could see was her blonde head bobbing slightly, and feel these incredible sensations as her tongue lapped very softly round and round my tip. I think if it had gone a second longer than it did, I'd have come. But, just at the crucial moment, she obviously sensed what was about to happen, and lifted her head. I thought that had to be it, but it wasn't.

Quest: Go on.

Copywriter: She was still giving me this impish grin, then I realised she was undoing her towel letting her boobs spill out as it sank onto her thighs. Her nipples, I noticed, were erect. Then she rose onto her knees, scooping either side of her breasts, and brought them together over my cock, trapping my shaft in her cleavage, just leaving the tip peeping out the top. And she began to massage me with her boobs, alternately hiding and uncovering my knob. God knows what I sounded like to Sally. She kept asking, 'Are you alright?' Meanwhile I could feel the come rising up my cock — I'm sure Ros could, too — I was twitching enough. Then I caught her eye, and she mouthed, 'Go on — do it — do it —' and looked down at her boobs. I barely had time to gasp to Sally, 'I'm really sorry, I'm dying to go to the loo!' She said, 'Well, why didn't you say?' I gulped, 'Goodnight!' slammed down the receiver, and gave a great spurt. The odd thing was, it almost seemed to bring her off, too. She gave a gasp and clutched hold of my thighs as I finished ejaculating. The whole situation seemed to turn her on enormously.

Quest: How did the relationship continue?

Copywriter: I didn't think it should. I felt bad about deceiving Sally. And knocking off a woman in the same firm was asking for trouble. Unfortunately Ros didn't see it that way.

Quest: How do you mean?

Copywriter: I decided to tell her face to face, which was stupid, because I called in on her on my way to meet Sally — I thought that would be the perfect excuse to keep it short. Ros immediately said she couldn't see the problem: we obviously gave each other things we didn't find elsewhere. 'If you don't tell Sally, I'm not going to,' she said, 'so where's the harm?'

Quest: You didn't see flaws in that argument?

Copywriter: I saw plenty! :But she was about four years older than me, quite a bit more sophisticated; I felt at a disadvantage. She was

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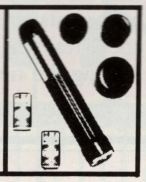

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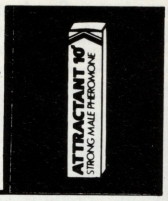

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QUEST

also just physically nicer than Sally, and much more uninhibited. She asked me if I was seeing Sally that night. I said yes. Then she said, 'Will she do this?', reached down and began stroking my crotch. Two minutes later she'd unzipped me, taken out my cock and was sucking it. We ended up screwing on the lounge carpet. I was an hour late for Sally, and nearly ruined myself screwing her later on. It was crazy.

Quest: Sleeping with two women?

Copywriter: Sleeping with a woman who got a positive thrill out of knowing I was going straight from her bed to someone else's. She'd literally plead with me to stay, instead of going on to Sally's. Eventually, I decided to give up Sally for six months, and see if Ros and I could make a go of it. I went straight round to tell her, and found her packing for a holiday with her boss! All she could talk about was how she was sure he'd propose this time. Then she told me not to give up Sally, because she was exactly what I needed. That's when I realised it had all been a game to her. I can imagine worse, but I wish I'd known the rules beforehand.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name....Withheld
Sex.....Female
Age....34 years
Town of Origin....
Bradford
Other details....This attractive blonde married at 22 and was divorced at 28. She has worked variously as shop assistant, photographic model and market trader, her current occupation.

Quest: Jealousy seems to have played a major role in your marrige.

Trader: It did for Jack, my ex-husband. It was the only thing that kept him interested towards the end.

Quest: He was older than you?

Trader: He was 33 when I met him, married with a couple of kids, but separated. I got a job in a haberdashers his family owned.

Quest: What appealed to you?

Trader: I just fancied him. He was very good-looking. I was flattered someone as mature as him wanted to go to bed with me. I was only 20.

Quest: How did you go to bed with him?

Trader: Jack wanted to update his shops, and he asked me to be in his advertising pictures. Jack was going to bring in a new range of lingerie — someting a bit saucier than they'd done before — he was looking for a pretty girl with a good figure to model it.

Quest: You thought it was a serious request?

Trader: I didn't care! I was just glad I'd finally caught his eye. Then he said he hadn't been able to get as much money as he wanted for it from his family, and he couldn't afford a professional photographer. But he had all the equipment, and wasn't a bad photographer himself.

Quest: What did happen?

Trader: First he said we were going to use the storeroom of one of the shops after work one night. But when I got there, he'd decided his home would look better. I thought he meant where his wife and kids lived, which definitely meant no hanky-panky. But it turned out to be a flat. It was very nice, but a bit cramped.

Quest: Was it an erotic situation?

Trader: It was bloody frustration! Mainly because he didn't seem to know what he wanted. I'd get into a set of bra and knickers with a suspender belt, go in and he'd say, 'No, the white knickers look better,' and send me back again. Finally I told him, 'There's no point in you skulking in here — come and show me!'

Quest: You were undressing in front of him?

Trader: I stood behind an armchair to change my knickers, but I just turned my back to take off a bra. When he obviously wasn't going to jump on me, I thought, 'Well, he might as well see what he's missing.'

Quest: Did he look?

Trader: Oh yes. At first I pretended not to notice, but when I changed again, I said, 'Is anything the matter?' He actually blushed. I think for a second he thought I was going to take my knickers off in front of him, too. But if he wanted that he was going to have to do it himself. So, after about two hours, I was getting dressed again, thinking, 'Is that it?' Then, suddenly, he asked if I wanted a drink. We sat on the sofa. He started telling me how grateful he was for my help, because I had such a fantastic figure for pictures like these, and how really sexy I'd looked. I said, 'You could have fooled me.' He didn't know what I meant. I said, 'You don't think I go around flashing my boobs in every fellow's flat who asks me, do you?' He said, 'But I'm nearly old enough to be your father.' So I said, 'Is that what you thought when you were staring at my boobs?' His face went blank, then he leaned over and kissed me.

Quest: And you made love?

Trader: As we were kissing, his hand came up and began fondling my boob through my blouse. I was quite pleased, apart from the nice feeling — after giving him a peek, I'd been afraid he just wasn't a boob man. Then, in a minute, I had to pull away and take the blouse off, because it was getting so crumpled. I let him take my bra off. He was a lovely lover, very slow and gentle to start with. He didn't seem to be able to leave my boobs alone, fondling them and licking and sucking my nipples — which was fantastic. When I'm worked up, they can be incredibly sensitive. But then, when he started to pull my skirt and pants down, he got a bit more frantic. In fact, he hardly got inside me before he came off.

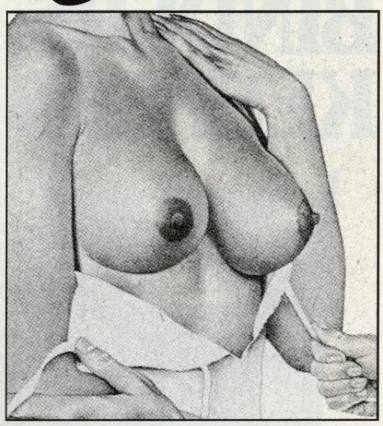
Quest: This was still on the sofa?

Trader: I was right on the edge of it, with my knees up. Jack was sort of half kneeling on the carpet, his trousers and pants still round his ankles. I didn't mind it being quick. I love that feeling of someone being so desperate to get inside you you can almost feel them explode. But he astonished me afterwards by telling me he hadn't had sex for almost two years. He'd been so busy keeping the business afloat. Now his wife had somebody else. It was quite sad, really.

Quest: Did you change things.

Trader: Yes I did; even his ex-wife admitted

QUEST



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that. I moved in with him after six months; as soon as he was divorced, he asked me to marry him. Our first year was incredible. Then he bought another chain of shops, and gradually it became like his first marriage all over again.

Quest: How did you cope?

Trader: I once virtually kidnapped him one weekend, and drove him up to a holiday cottage in the Peaks with all his old camera stuff, and insisted he shoot me in my own lingerie, and out of it. But he still got to a phone by Sunday afternoon. We rowed about it. Then he said. 'If you're so keen to have your picture taken with no knickers get somebody else to do it.' So I did.

Quest: How?

Trader: That week I'd actually been talking to the girlfriend I'd originally modelled with. She told me she was doing glamour pictures for camera clubs, because her boyfriend belonged to one. When I found out it meant doing a full strip. I told her it sounded like a wankers' convention. She said it wasn't at all — they were very polite and friendly. But if you had a nice body, and enjoyed showing it off, it could be a great laugh, and a bloody good turn on! So I rang her, she was very enthusiastic and about a week later I went to a club with her, and my best undies.

Quest: Did you tell your husband?

Trader: I thought I'd let it drop casually, or even leave a few naughty pictures around for him to find — anything to make him realise that, if he didn't appreciate me, plenty of others did. I was actually very nervous about the whole thing. But I needn't have been. They were great, more nervous than me, if anything, but really appreciative — and good fun. I wasn't going to take more than my top off, but they got me out of my knickers, too. It was an incredible high — on the one hand, terribly normal and matter of fact; on the other, a continual sexy buzz. I remember one point, bending virtually double from the waist, my bum to the cameras, wearing nothing but stockings and high heels, and suddenly thinking, 'These fellows are staring at bits of me only my husband's seen for four years, and I don't even know their first names!'

Quest: When did Jack find out?

Trader: After a couple of months. I'd almost decided I wasn't going to tell him, because he might stop me. Then we had another bad row. I thought, 'That's it. It's over, anyway.' That night, in bed, Jack was sitting up, going through papers, so I just got into bed next to him, and started sifting through a stack of prints I'd borrowed from a club member.

Quest: Nude photographs of yourself?

Trader: Mostly, yes. Some with my girlfriend too. It took him nearly five minutes to notice. When he asked what they were, I was very matter of fact. I said I'd decided to take up his suggestion, and told him exactly what I'd done.

Quest: What was his reaction?

Trader: Frighteningly cool. He just looked through the pictures while I talked. Then he asked me about odd ones. One was of me lying on my back with my hand between my legs, and it did look extremely rude. He said, 'You look as if you're playing with yourself.' I couldn't resist putting the knife in. 'Oh yes,' I said. 'The fellows always ask for it — it's very difficult to say no. Anyway, they reckon I have the best climaxes of all the models they use.' And I got out of bed and pranced off to the bathroom.

Quest: How were you both dressed?

Trader: We weren't. We didn't wear anything in bed, which made me feel even more vulnerable, but I didn't care. Then he said, 'I can't believe you let anyone photograph you doing that.' I didn't even turn my head. 'Why not?' I said. 'Women masturbate as well as men, especially when they don't have an outlet elsewhere. I'm not ashamed of that. So why shouldn't others see it if if turns them on?' Jack gave a little cough. 'So this was a mutual masturbation exercise over my wife's nude body?' Then I looked at him in the mirror. 'You don't mind, do you? It's not as if they were touching me — they had their hands full already.' He was scarlet! Then I realised he was moving toward me, and I gasped and spun round, and saw it.

Quest: It?

Trader: His erection. He was massive, much bigger than I ever remembered him, even at the beginning. He just grabbed me, forced his mouth over mine, and started pawing my boobs. Then I realised he was twisting me round, forcing me to bend forward over the basin, sliding his hand between my legs and rubbing me — very roughly, not like he was normally at all. Then he just pulled my thighs further apart, pushed down the tip of his cock and jerked it straight into me. I nearly went through the roof!

He twisted me round, forced me to bend over the basin, and pulled my thighs further apart

Quest: You didn't try to stop him?

Trader: I couldn't even if I'd wanted to. But I didn't. He'd never been that desperate, that urgent before. It was gorgeous. And the fact that he was doing it to me from behind made it even more exciting. It felt like he was pumping his whole length in and out of me with each stroke, and at incredible speed — my heels were lifting off the carpet! I just came — I couldn't help it. As pure sex went, it was one of our very best times.

Quest: But it didn't repair your marriage?

Trader: For about a month, then the late nights started again, and the rows. He was married to his business; he always had been. So we broke up, anyway. But I use the same technique with my boyfriend now at times, not that he needs it.

Quest: With modelling too?

Trader: Not at 34, love.

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TONI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY CAYE

You won't see Toni Moray around an awful lot at the moment, for this Manchester-born 25-year-old is staying in waiting for the release of the new *Batman* movie. 'I've always had a passion for superheroes,' confesses this 36-24-36 comics fan. 'When I was a little girl I always used to read *Wonder Woman* and *Super Girl*. But now I'm much more into male superheroes. There's something undeniably sexy about a grown man stalking the streets, dressed only in a dark black cloak and a pair of obviously too tight tights,' she says with more than a hint of drooling in her voice. 'Me and my friends are all going to dress up in Batgear when the film comes round our way in Manchester. I'm going to go as the Joker, as my other passion is practical jokes. I can never resist trying to pull a fast one — or a practical joke,' she laughs.

By day Toni stashes her cape crusader gear away, and works in the marketing department of an ice cream company in Stockport, South Manchester. Her ambition is one day to run her own marketing company, and have a hunky dumb blond male secretary to sit on her knee all day. Any volunteers?

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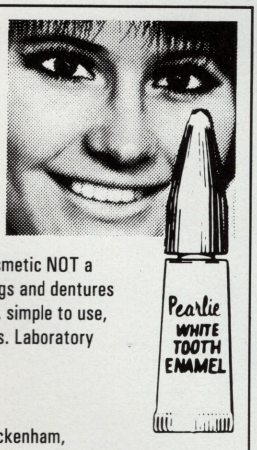

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SENT IN BY FEMALES 201
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PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

FEMALE CONFESSIONS 128
MALE CONFESSIONS 129
FEMALE AGONY ANSWERED 280
MALE AGONY ANSWERED 281

BANNED CONFESSIONS

WORK & SEX 286
HOLIDAY SEX 287
PASSION & SEX 288
HOUSEWIFES 289

CLASSIFIED ADS

DATING WOMEN CALL MEN 110
DATING MEN CALL WOMEN 210
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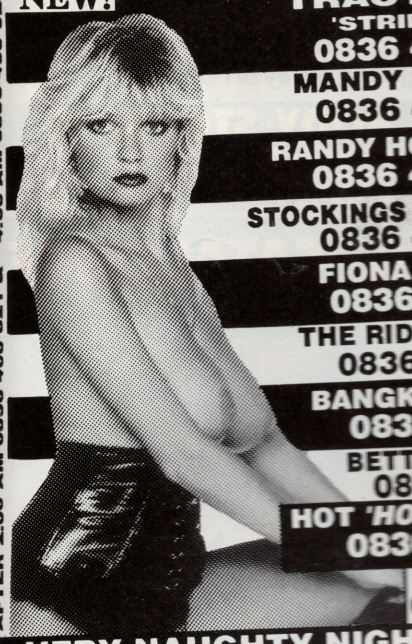

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

throbbing member, and the women excitedly waited for the burning sensation to take effect on the young lad, before bursting into laughter. It makes your eyes water just to think about it. I have always wondered if these two stories and others I have heard are true, and if they are, do they still take place today, or are they something of the past. I would be interested to know if any of your readers have heard of such stories, or even been victims themselves.

EC, Chadwell

Who would have thought that women are the gentler sex after hearing about those escapades.

Sexual survey

The letter in Vol 24 No 7, from an estate agent brought back happy memories for me. I to am a member of that much-maligned profession, and what happened to me took place six years ago when I had just started my training at the age of 20. During the early weeks on joining my first agency, I would accompany one of the other agents when we went to value a property. Sometimes I was lucky enough to accompany Caroline, an extremely attractive 32-year-old who was my assistant manager.

One afternoon we went to value a house which had been let while the owner was abroad. We arrived at the house, a rather ordinary 1960's built estate-style semi, its only redeeming feature being the fine views it commanded over the city of Bath.

Caroline and I began to measure the house, and stopped in the kitchen to admire the wonderful view. Suddenly our eyes met as we turned our heads. Caroline looked absolutely gorgeous, especially with the sun shining in her almost shoulder length blonde hair. We were transfixed for what seemed an eternity until she softly placed a kiss on my left cheek.

I was shocked, and didn't know how to respond — but it didn't matter. Caroline took me in her arms, and kissed me, again and again. She stopped long enough to say she wanted more — much more than a kiss. I felt overwhelmed. I couldn't believe this attractive, sexually experienced 32-year-old woman wanted me, a 20-year-old sexual novice, and not very attractive at that.

She led me to the bedroom, and we sat on the edge of the large double bed. Caroline undressed me apart from my underpants which barely concealed my erection. As Caroline began to peel off her clothes, I could hardly wait to see her in the nude. I was not disappointed. She stood before me, about 5ft 7ins tall with a very slim waist, trim, slightly fleshy hips, and wonderfully slender thighs and legs. Her small waist exaggerated the roundness and size of her boobs, which were capped with small but pert dark-coloured nipples. A neatly trimmed, dark-blonde triangle of pubic hair concealed her most intimate area.

Caroline pulled me onto her, and we began French kissing. As her tongue pushed deep into my mouth, I could feel my hardness pressing into her flesh. We then relaxed our grip on each other, and Caroline eased my underpants to the floor.

I felt embarrassed as she looked at me because I'm not that big, but Caroline told me not to worry as she ran her fingertips along my length.

She confessed to feeling horny all day, and explained that her husband had been working abroad for 3 weeks, and she had never gone this length of time before without sex.

Caroline got me to lay on my front as she ran her hands along the length of my spine, and gently kissed my shoulders and back. She then lay on her back as I gently fondled her breasts, and kissed and sucked her nipples. Caroline asked me to kiss the insides of her thighs which I willingly obliged.

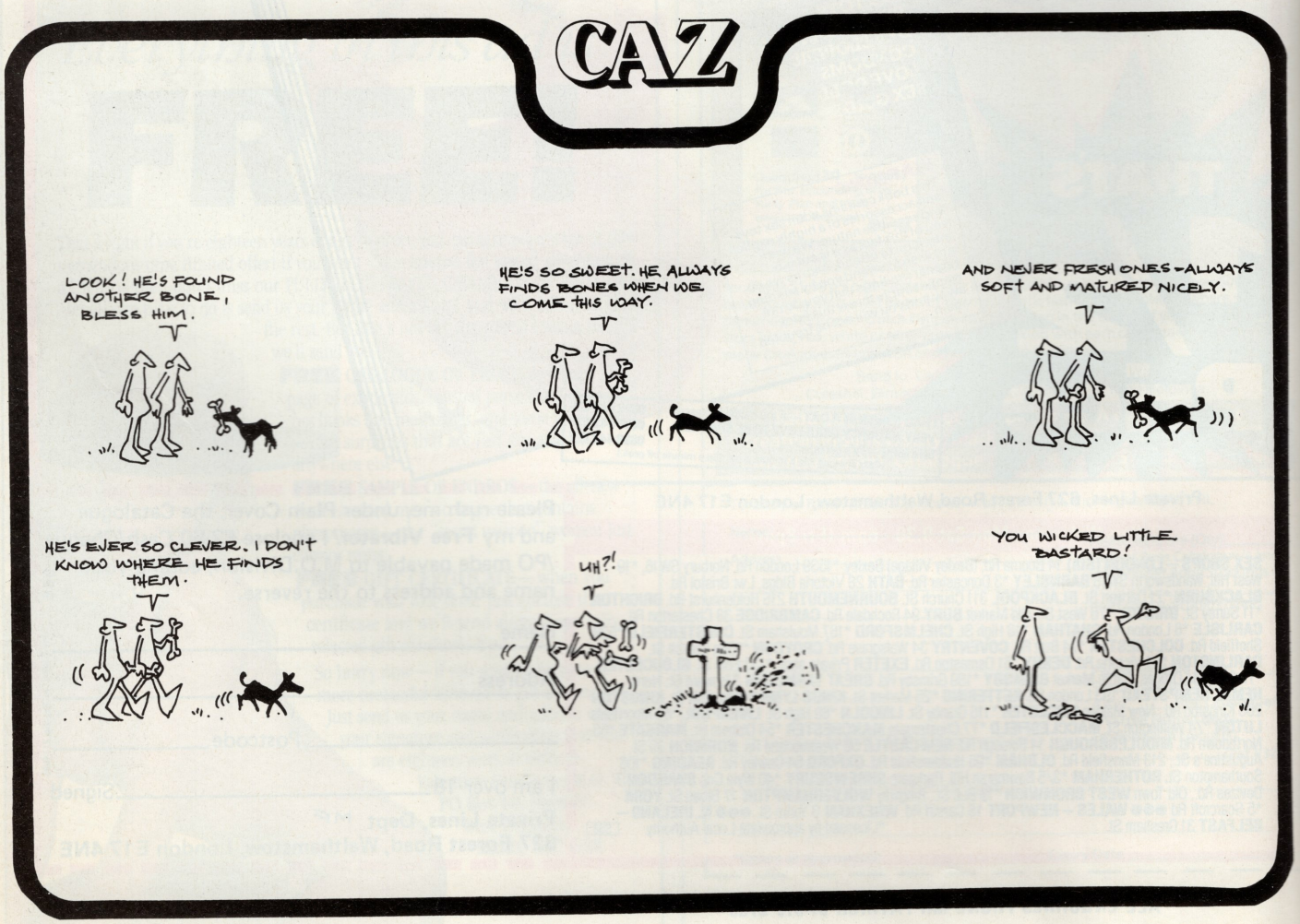
As my excitement increased, I positioned my body above Caroline, and gently eased into her. I felt her grip me tightly. With each thrust I went deeper, and Caroline began to grab at my buttocks as her body started to twich with an oncoming orgasm.

Afterwards we lay together, and just talked, before we realised the time, and gathered our clothes together.

Before I left the agency, we had one more romp together, but we eventually parted as friends with just good memories to look back on.

The thought of Caroline still makes me feel emotional, six years on — but I realise to try and contact her would probably be foolish. Sometimes it's impossible to recreate what you once had.

KC, Gosport



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